

October 8, 1953

PRODUCTION #1964

"JOHNNY GUITAR"

DELUXE

Screenplay

by

Philip Yordan

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR:  
NICHOLAS RAY

REPUBLIC PRODUCTIONS, INC.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

PRODUCTION #1964

CAST OF CHARACTERS

VIENNA.....Joan Crawford.

JOHNNY GUITAR.....Sterling Hayden.  
A man with a past and a determination never to revert to it. His hobby has become his profession. He's like the pilot who doesn't want to fly the extra mission, the champ who wants to retire still the champ - because Johnny's stakes were life or death.

EMMA SMALL.....Mercedes McCambridge.  
Another daughter of the west, widow of the banker - attractive, dominating and dynamic whose authority cuts through her hysteria.

THE DANCIN' KID.....Scott Brady.  
Head man of a group. Very handsome, of Spanish descent, elegantly attired, beautifully adorned boots; he is in love with Vienna.

THE KID'S GROUP:

TURKEY RALSTON.....Ben Cooper.  
A youngster with an unruly mop of red hair.

BART LONERGAN.....Ernest Borgnine.  
A powerfully-built, disgruntled man.

COREY.....Royal Dano.  
Emaciated, tall, with sunken cheeks and flushed eyes.

JOHN McIVERS.....Ward Bond.  
Tall, thin, distinguished in his late forties; a well-dressed rancher but looks more like a circuit judge.

SHERIFF WILLIAMS.....Frank Ferguson.  
Undistinguished looking - only his badge of office singles him out.

OLD TOM.....John Carradine. Porter at Vienna's.

FRANK.....Frank Marlowe. The bartender.

EDDIE.....Paul Fix. Pit boss at Vienna's.

SAM.....Robert Osterloh. Blackjack dealer.

LOCALE: ARIZONA

October 7, 1953

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FADE IN:

UNDER THE CREDITS:

1. EXT. MOUNTAIN CREST: (DAY)  
A lone figure on horseback rides up the crest of a very high peak in the terrain. As he reaches the summit a tremendous blast from off scene makes him stop and look to his left.
2. EXT. MOUNTAINS:  
A higher cliff in the mountains being dynamited. Huge slabs of rock come tumbling down.
3. EXT. MOUNTAIN CREST:  
The lone rider is a tall man and sits very straight in the saddle. He wears a low-crowned, narrow-brimmed Stetson. A guitar case and a tight blanket roll are tied to his saddle. He is unarmed. His name is JOHNNY GUITAR. He nudges his mount forward and starts down the side of the mountain trail to his right.
4. EXT. MOUNTAINS:  
A lower cliff overlooking the valley below. As Johnny rides along the cliff, he is attracted by gunshots and yells from below to his right. He pauses to glance down.
5. EXT. VALLEY:  
SHOOTING DOWN from Johnny's POINT OF VIEW. We see in the valley below a stagecoach being held up by four masked riders.
6. EXT. MOUNTAINS:  
Along lower cliff as Johnny gazes down at the scene of violence. His face is relaxed as though what he sees is taking place on another planet. He casually lights a cigarette and leisurely moves on.
7. EXT. LOWER MOUNTAIN TRAIL:  
PICK UP Johnny descending the trail down to the valley floor. Ahead of him a sandstorm is building up, blotting out the horizon and obliterating the sun. Johnny rides toward the storm.

DISSOLVE TO:

8. EXT. WASTELANDS: (DAY) (SANDSTORM) CLOSE  
Johnny riding through the storm, his hat pulled down over his eyes, his head lowered. He pauses to look ahead and sees:
9. EXT. VIENNA'S: (SANDSTORM) LONG  
A two-story building situated at the end of a sloping road which emerges from the wastelands. Beyond Vienna's is a valley, wild and lonely looking, surrounded by steep-wooded slopes, above which are sharp cliffs. The only exit westward is through a narrow arroyo. It lies between the wastelands and the valley on an invisible crossroad. No other building or indication of human life can be seen.

Johnny rides into shot and up to the entrance.

- 9A. INT. VIENNA'S:  
The interior is two stories high. The walls are of panelled wood, a huge crystal chandelier hangs from the ceiling and a white piano rests on a dais. A circular staircase leads to the second floor suite.

There is the usual long bar, a crap table in the rear, a blackjack table, several card tables and a roulette table.

OLD TOM, the porter, is sweeping the bare floor.

FRANK, the bartender, is polishing some brass ornamentations on the bar.

EDDIE, the pit boss, sits behind a roulette table reading a newspaper.

SAM, the blackjack dealer, sits at his table having a cup of coffee.

Tom sweeps up to a window where he pauses to gaze out at the sandstorm which obliterates any view.

TOM:

Gettin' awful mean out there.

Can't tell if it's night or day.

(starts to sweep again)

Trouble on the way ... I hear it in the wind.

(he pauses, listens to the wind howl)

She's really cryin' out there. I heard a preacher man tell me what made the wind cry, was the voices of lost travelers cryin' for home.

(continues sweeping)

Smart fella.

No one listens to Tom as he sweeps up to Frank who is polishing the bronze at the bar.

CONTINUED:

9A. CONTINUED:

TOM: (continuing)

That's a mighty fine polishing job, Frank.  
Don't hardly need a mirror in the place.  
Speakin' of mirrors, I never did like 'em.  
It don't seem necessary to remind a man how  
ugly he is.

(he sweeps on to where Eddie reads  
the newspaper)

What's new in the papers, Eddie?

Eddie ignores him, not out of rudeness, simply matter-of-factly.

TOM: (continuing)

Must be some mighty important things goin' on.  
When I was a boy I thought all I had to do was  
grow up and I'd be important too. I grewed but  
I got lost somewhere along the way.

Tom sweeps on toward Sam who sits smoking a stogie, drinking  
his coffee and playing solitaire at the blackjack table.

TOM: (continuing)

That's a sweet hand you dealt yourself, Sam.  
I always admired a man who could shuffle a  
deck of cards. Or play the piano or handle a  
gun. They say every man is born with some  
hidden talent. I guess mine is a broom.

(he starts sweeping energetically toward  
the doors, stops to listen as he hears  
the sound of an approaching horseman;  
he turns to announce:)

Brighten up, gentlemen. Think I hear a customer.

He exits through the front doors.

9B. EXT. VIENNA'S:

Old Tom emerges from Vienna's as Johnny dismounts. Tom  
soothes the horse by patting her flank, then leads her to  
the stable door where he guides her in, as Johnny carrying  
his guitar and blanket roll enters Vienna's.

10. INT. VIENNA'S:

The doors part and Johnny enters, the sand-driven wind sweep-  
ing past him into the room. He closes the doors behind him,  
stamps a bit to shake the sand loose, removes his Stetson  
and strikes it against his thigh to dust off the sand.

11. INT. VIENNA'S:

SHOOTING from Johnny's POINT OF VIEW, he scans the place,  
meeting the fixed, suspicious, stony-faced stares of the  
three employes on the floor - FRANK behind the bar, SAM at  
the blackjack table, and EDDIE behind the roulette wheel.

CONTINUED:

11. CONTINUED:

All eyes are upon him - Frank, Sam and Eddie standing at their posts, still stony-faced, like undertakers.

JOHNNY: (taking in the mechanical reception)

Good evening.

He crosses to the bar.

FRANK:

What's your pleasure?

JOHNNY:

Whiskey.

Bartender pours, Johnny drinks.

JOHNNY: (glances around at the unsmiling faces)

Where's the boss?

FRANK:

Who's askin'?

JOHNNY:

The name is Johnny -- Guitar.

SAM:

So?

JOHNNY:

I have an appointment with Vienna.

The men look him over. Old Tom has re-entered.

EDDIE:

Vienna's busy. You'll have to wait.

JOHNNY:

I could use some dinner.

FRANK: (to Tom)

Fix him up in the kitchen, Tom.

TOM: (to Johnny)

Right this way.

CONTINUED:



11. CONTINUED:

As Johnny starts to follow Tom toward kitchen:

FRANK:

You ain't paid for the drink, mister.

JOHNNY:

Don't rush the night, friend. I may be around a while.

(slides his guitar and blanket roll across the bar)

Take good care of these.

Johnny exits to kitchen after Old Tom.

TOM: (gazing up at Johnny as they cross to kitchen)

You're carrying a lot of man in those boots, stranger. There's somethin' about a tall man makes people sit up and take notice. Yessir, I'll bet you're somebody. Now don't tell me. I don't want to be disappointed. Yet, if I ever looked like you, I wouldn't be wanderin' around in a sandstorm. No sir, I'd be sittin' in some pretty thing's parlor, holdin' her hand and tellin' her what a big man I was.

SAM:

What does Vienna want with a guitar player?

EDDIE:

You want to ask her?

FRANK:

We got a knife hanging over our heads and she sends for a guy to make music.

Frank pulls a cord behind the bar which tinkles a bell outside the door to Vienna's room on the second floor balcony.

CAMERA PANS UP to the tinkling bell above the door. A moment later the door opens and VIENNA emerges from her room and pauses at the railing to glance down.

FRANK:

There's a Johnny Guitar says he has an appointment with you.

CONTINUED:

11. CONTINUED:

VIENNA: (reacting to the name, then after a moment)

I'll see him later.

(her eyes sweep the gloomy interior)

Sam, light a lamp and hang it outside.

SAM:

Nobody'll be comin' in this weather.

VIENNA:

If they do, how are they going to find the place? Just hang a lamp.

Sam mumbles to himself and goes to obey.

VIENNA: (continuing)

Frank, light the chandelier.

FRANK:

You'll only be wastin' oil, Vienna.

VIENNA:

I don't like the dark.

Frank goes to light the chandelier as Sam exits to kitchen. Vienna turns her head; her gaze holds on something o.s.

11A. INT. VIENNA'S - AT KITCHEN WINDOW OPENING: CLOSEUP of Johnny standing in the window opening to the kitchen, gazing up at Vienna o.s. His face wears a mocking, defiant smile.

12. INT. VIENNA'S KITCHEN:  
Sam enters to get a lamp.

SAM: (to Old Tom)

I never seen a woman who was more a man.  
She thinks like one, acts like one and  
sometimes makes me feel like I'm not.

13. INT. VIENNA'S KITCHEN:  
Old Tom is at the stove. He gets a lamp, lights it and hands it to Sam as Johnny remains at the window listening.

VIENNA'S VOICE:

That's last month's paper, Eddie. How many times do you have to read it?

CONTINUED:



13. CONTINUED:

EDDIE'S VOICE:

I like to know what's happening in the world outside.

VIENNA'S VOICE:

There'll be plenty going on here soon. Just worry about that.

TOM: (interrupting Johnny's listening by serving him his food)

Never believed I'd end my years workin' for a woman - and likin' it.

Sam exits from kitchen with the lamp.

14. INT. VIENNA'S:

Vienna still stands on the balcony. Frank is lighting the last lamp of the chandelier as Sam enters from kitchen and goes outside.

VIENNA:

Spin the wheel, Eddie.

EDDIE:

For what? There's no customers.

VIENNA:

I like to hear it spin.

Eddie spins the wheel. Vienna crosses back to her room and exits.

15. INT. VIENNA'S ROOM:

The sitting room is very feminine. Thick rug, brocade curtains, drapes, mahogany furniture. The walls are shelved and stacked with well-read books, woodcuts, paintings and delicate bric-a-bracs.

A dinner table with white Irish linen, shining silver and tall candles mounted in silver sticks.

A MR. ANDREWS, an Englishman - the railroad Engineer - is seated at the dinner table. To his right on another large table reposes a model of Vienna's place reconverted to a railroad depot with the track, model trains, and a new town clustering around it. We recognize the mountains in the background and the physical terrain from the establishing long shot of Vienna's place but all the new developments are still visions of the future.

CONTINUED:

15. CONTINUED:

The dinner in progress between Vienna and Andrews was interrupted by the bell. As Vienna re-enters the room, Andrews rises.

VIENNA:

Please sit down.

Andrews sits. Vienna crosses to wine cabinet.

VIENNA:

Some wine, Mr. Andrews?

ANDREWS:

Thank you, Vienna.

As Vienna gets the wine and serves, Andrew glances around the room at the books, the woodcuts, the marble bust of Beethoven in a corner of the room, then back at Vienna as she stands over him pouring the wine into sparkling cut glasses.

ANDREWS:

Vienna - that's an odd name for a woman.  
Were you born there?

VIENNA:

My father.

Andrews glances over at the bust of Beethoven.

VIENNA: (continuing)

He wasn't my father.

ANDREWS:

Roulette and red-eye downstairs. Vienna and Beethoven up here.

He drinks his wine.

VIENNA: (resuming her chair)

How soon will the railroad be coming through, Mr. Andrews?

ANDREWS:

Early next spring.

CONTINUED:

15. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

You'll have to pass through my land.  
Why can't we close the deal now.

ANDREWS:

You have no legal title to this property.  
I checked.

VIENNA:

I have possession. That's the only title  
that matters in this territory.

ANDREWS:

That's right. But will you still be in  
possession by spring?

VIENNA:

I'll be here.

ANDREWS:

I've been invited to a lot of dinners lately  
by - uh - "your friends" in this vicinity.  
They don't think so.

VIENNA:

What do you think?

ANDREWS:

Your site is too valuable.  
(indicating the model)  
There'll be a depot and a new town growing up  
here. A lot of people are going to envy you.  
Just how far they'll go I wouldn't like to say.

VIENNA:

I'll say it for you. They'll try to murder me.

Andrews looks up at her, startled by her frankness.

ANDREWS:

What makes you think you can stop them?

VIENNA:

Guns aren't fussy who shoots them. I'll fight  
to keep what's mine. If necessary - I'll kill.

CONTINUED:

15. CONTINUED:

ANDREWS: (looking into her eyes)

I believe you could.

Vienna lifts the wine bottle to refill his glass. He puts his hand over his glass.

ANDREWS: (continuing)

No more, thanks. I'd better be getting back to my crew. We've got a good deal of mountain to blast through yet.

Vienna glances out the window; the sand whipped by the wind shrieks past it.

VIENNA:

You'll have to wait till the storm settles.

ANDREWS: (nods, takes out his pipe, starts to fill it)

Tell me, why did you pick this spot to build? How could you possibly know the railroad was coming this way?

VIENNA:

Sometime ago I ran into your surveyor. We exchanged confidences.

She studies him as he lights his pipe.

VIENNA: (continuing)

What do you earn a month, Mr. Andrews?

ANDREWS:

Six hundred dollars. Why?

VIENNA:

When the railroad comes through, what do you figure this land will be worth?

ANDREWS:

What's Albuquerque worth?

VIENNA:

How would you like to share in it?  
I need all the help I can get.

CONTINUED:

10.

15. CONTINUED:

ANDREWS: (watching the smoke curl upwards  
from his pipe)

I couldn't help you. I'm not very handy  
with a gun.

VIENNA:

I'm offering you a chance to get rich.

ANDREWS:

An opportunity to get killed would be more  
accurate.

VIENNA:

I see you've been influenced by "my friends".

ANDREWS:

They're determined people. Too determined for  
my tastes. But I wish you luck, Vienna, for  
whatever it's worth.

VIENNA:

I'm not trusting to luck, Mr. Andrews. A good  
gunfighter doesn't depend on four-leaf clovers.

The sound of an approaching stagecoach is heard, accompanied  
by the thundering hooves of many horsemen.

Vienna turns to the window again.

16. EXT. VIENNA'S:

SHOOTING from Vienna's POINT OF VIEW through window down to  
the front of her place, we see a stagecoach pulling up  
accompanied by a dozen horsemen.

17. INT. VIENNA'S ROOM: TWO SHOT

Vienna and Engineer, who stands behind her looking down over  
her shoulder through window.

ANDREWS:

Expecting company?

VIENNA:

Not for dinner.

18. EXT. VIENNA'S: (SANDSTORM)

The sandstorm has now worked itself up to a fury. The bright  
shining lamp hung in front of Vienna's gleams forth like a  
lighthouse beacon as it sways and twists in the wind.

CONTINUED:

18. CONTINUED:

A stage comes rumbling into shot, driven by a single driver, the wind buffeting him. He puts on the brakes, halting the stage before the entrance. He is JENKS - the stage driver.

A moment later a dozen horsemen ride into shot and rein up alongside the stage. They are led by:

EMMA SMALL, an attractive, dominating, dynamic woman, whose force and authority cut through her hysteria.

MARSHALL WILLIAMS, an undistinguished looking man who could pass for the postman; only his badge of office singles him out of the crowd.

JOHN McIVERS, a tall, thin, distinguished looking man in his late forties. He is prematurely white-gray and better dressed than the others. Looks more like a circuit judge than the big rancher he is.

PETE and SEVEN COWBOYS, riders on McIvers' ranch.

The entourage are all heavily armed with Colts, rifles and shotguns, giving the impression of a posse. There are no nondescript men among them. They are - gunfighters first - cowboys and ranchers second.

Emma quickly dismounts, followed by McIvers. They cross to the stage as several of the men are removing the body of a middle-aged man in a blue serge business suit from inside the stage.

19. INT. VIENNA'S:

SHOOTING from Vienna on the second floor balcony at the top of the stairs. Frank, Eddie and Sam are at their stations, looking up at Vienna for instructions.

VIENNA: (calmly)

Keep the wheel spinning, Eddie.

20. INT. VIENNA'S:

Eddie spinning the roulette wheel with one hand, his other hand resting on his gun.

21. INT. VIENNA'S:

At entrance doors as they swing open. Two men bearing the body of the dead man in the blue serge suit enter first. They cross to the billiard table and lay him on it.

Emma, the Marshal and McIvers enter, Emma in the middle. Behind them come the cowboys.

The Marshal, Emma and McIvers come slowly forward down the length of the bar, pausing at the foot of the stairs where they look up at Vienna who remains at the top of the staircase.

CONTINUED:



21. CONTINUED:

The Engineer stands on the balcony just outside the door to Vienna's room, within view of the floor below but not in a line of fire in case any gunfighting ensues.

The cowboys halt behind the Marshal, Emma and McIvers, fanning out.

22. INT. VIENNA'S:

Frank behind the bar, his hands resting on a shotgun.

23. INT. VIENNA'S:

Eddie behind the roulette table, his hand clasped around a Colt.

24. INT. VIENNA'S:

Sam behind the blackjack table, two guns lying within reach of his fingertips.

25. INT. VIENNA'S:

Vienna standing alone, cool and collected awaiting the next move.

26. INT. VIENNA'S: THREE SHOT

The Marshal, Emma and McIvers.

MARSHAL:

C'mon down, Vienna.

27. INT. VIENNA'S: REVERSE SHOT

Vienna slowly descends the stairs, slipping her hands into her voluminous dress pockets. It is impossible to know whether they conceal a gun. Vienna stops on the raised landing at the bottom of the staircase. She glances past them over at the dead man lying on the crap table.

EMMA: (following Vienna's gaze)

Take a good look, Vienna.

VIENNA:

I'm sorry, Emma. Your brother was a fine man.

EMMA:

How would you know? He was one man who never even looked at you.

VIENNA: (hands still in pockets)

He was still a fine man.

McIVERS:

We want the Dancin' Kid and his bunch.

CONTINUED:

27. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

Why come to me? They don't live here.

EMMA:

You're one of them.

MARSHAL:

Just a minute, Emma --

EMMA:

We don't need you anymore, Marshal.

The Marshal looks from Emma, to McIvers, to the determined faces of McIvers' riders and realizes he is quite alone. He turns to Vienna.

MARSHAL:

You better cooperate.

VIENNA:

All right. I'm cooperating.

McIVERS:

Jenks!

Jenks, the stage driver, comes forward.

JENKS:

Yes, Mr. McIvers.

McIvers:

You drove that stage - you saw the killing - who done it?

JENKS: (looking at Vienna)

Well, there was four of 'em --

McIVERS:

I didn't ask you how many. I asked you who?

JENKS:

The sun was shinin' in my eyes.

EMMA:

A while ago you said it was the Dancin' Kid. Say it now.

27. CONTINUED:

JENKS:

You said it was the Kid -- I only said it could've been.

VIENNA:

Any more witnesses, Marshal?

McIVERS:

We don't need witnesses. We're takin' you and your men into custody.

VIENNA:

Eddie, you can stop spinning the wheel.  
(looking right down at McIvers, her  
hands tense in her pockets)  
Come and get me, Mr. McIvers.

McIvers hesitates.

MARSHAL:

We don't want no shootin', Vienna.

VIENNA:

I'm not coming peaceably, Marshal.

MARSHAL: (to McIvers)

Look here, Mac, this is a hangin' matter -- we can't go around arrestin' people without proof --

McIVERS:

If the kid was here, would you be askin' for proof?

MARSHAL:

The Dancin' Kid and Vienna aren't the same --

EMMA: (looking up at Vienna)

I say they are. They both cast the same shadow.

VIENNA:

Someone holds up the stage, your brother is killed and all you can think of is hanging the Dancin' Kid. You know he didn't do it.

CONTINUED:

27. CONTINUED:

VIENNA: (continuing)  
(addressing the assemblage)  
You all know it.  
(to Emma)  
What's your real reason, Emma?

EMMA:

'Cause he's a murderer.

VIENNA:

What has he murdered?  
Why do you hate him so?  
What did he ever do to you?

Emma makes no reply.

VIENNA: (continuing)

Maybe you don't hate him.

MARSHAL:

If you got somethin' to say, better say  
it, Vienna.

VIENNA:

Let Emma say it.

EMMA:

I wouldn't spit on him. Oh, he always was  
eyein' me - I never told poor Len -  
(she glances over at the body of  
her brother)  
- 'cause Len would've killed him.  
(a sudden idea)  
That's why he held up the stage and killed Len.  
Now he thinks he can get me. That's why.

VIENNA:

You've got it a little twisted, Emma. Now you  
think you can get him.

EMMA:

She's crazy.

VIENNA:

You want the Kid and you're so ashamed of it  
you want him dead. You want me dead, too.  
Then you can sleep nights.

CONTINUED:

27. CONTINUED:

EMMA:

I won't sleep till I see you both hanged.  
You and the Kid and all of your filthy kind.  
(to the cowboys)  
Look at her standin' up there, lookin' down on  
us like a somebody. Get her. Drag her down.

VIENNA: (putting her hand on her gun;  
addressing McIvers, as well as Emma)

I've never done a thing to hurt any of you.  
Don't make me do it now.

EMMA:

You're nothing but a railroad tramp. You're  
not fit to live among decent people.

McIVERS:

Get out while you still can. You and your men.

He glances over at Frank, Eddie and Sam.

VIENNA:

We're here to stay, Mr. McIvers. Better get  
used to the idea.

McIVERS:

We don't want you here.

VIENNA:

This was free country when I came. I'm not  
giving up a single inch of it.

EMMA:

You don't hear so good. We don't want you here.

VIENNA:

You don't own the earth. Not this part of it.

McIVERS:

Stay and you'll keep only enough to bury you.

VIENNA:

I intend to be buried here.  
In the twentieth century.

CONTINUED:

EMMA:

You'll never see a train run through.

VIENNA:

Now you said it. Took a long time for the truth to come out. You and McIvers own the whole town and every head of beef within five hundred miles. But it's not enough. You have to own everything. You can't see anyone else live. Well, you're going to see a new town. Right where you're standing. A town that you don't own. And the railroad's bringing new people in. By tens and twenties and hundreds and thousands. You can't keep them all out.

(calling up to Andrews)

Tell them, Mr. Andrews.

Andrews, calmly sucking on his pipe, moves to the balcony rail.

ANDREWS:

I think you put it rather well.

McIVERS:

You're not buildin' no depot here.

ANDREWS:

That's for Vienna to decide.

VIENNA:

I decided.

McIVERS:

I don't want no homesteaders flockin' in puttin' up shacks and fencin' off the land. My stock need free grazing - on open range. And I'm keeping it open.

EMMA:

We were here first. Our rights come first.

VIENNA:

Including the right to hang anybody who stands in your way.

(turning to Marshal)

Which side are you on, Marshal?



27. CONTINUED:

MARSHAL:

The railroad's no concern of mine. Holdin' up a stage and killin' - is.

VIENNA: (eyeing Emma and McIvers)

Seems your friends got them a little mixed up.

MARSHAL:

I'm not actin' for friends. I got my job and I'm doing it.

VIENNA:

Your job is out there picking up the trail of whoever held up the stage. Whose idea was it to come here?

EMMA:

Mine. This is where the trail leads.

VIENNA:

Only in your mind, Emma.

(drawing her gun)

Get out. All of you. Get out.

EMMA:

That's big talk for a little gun.

A titter of laughter from some of the posse.

EMMA: (continuing)

You can't shoot all of us.

VIENNA: (covering Emma and McIvers)

Two of you will do.

EMMA:

You don't have the nerve.

VIENNA:

Try me.

McIVERS: (apprehensive)

Stop pushin', Emma.

CONTINUED:

27. CONTINUED:

MARSHAL:

Put the gun down, Vienna. Put down the gun.

VIENNA:

I sell whiskey and cards at tables and the bar. All you can buy up these stairs is a bullet in the head. Which do you want?

MARSHAL:

Break it up, men.

Marshal turns and guides the posse over to the tables and the bar. Emma stands staring up at Vienna. McIvers takes her arm to lead her away but she shakes it off. McIvers turns, goes to the bar.

28. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSEUP  
Of Vienna gazing down at Emma.

29. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSEUP  
Emma gazing up at Vienna.

EMMA: (a malevolent whisper)

I'm going to kill you.

VIENNA: (calmly)

I know. If I don't kill you first.

Emma turns away, crosses over to the billiard table and stares down at Len's body.

Andrews, the Engineer, descends the staircase. As he passes Vienna, he pauses, gives her a look as if to say, "Well done", then continues across the floor toward the entrance, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. As he nears the doors he stops as we hear the rowdy arrival of four horsemen shooting off their guns and yelling like Comanches. Andrews turns to look back at Vienna.

30. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSEUP  
Vienna reacting. She knows who it is.

31. INT. VIENNA'S:  
McIvers and Marshal at the bar reacting.

VIENNA:

You wanted the Dancin' Kid, Marshal.  
Here he comes.

32. INT. VIENNA'S:  
At the entrance doors. They burst open and four men enter,

CONTINUED:

32. CONTINUED:

smoking guns in their hands. They are laughing and in gay spirits. They are:

The DANCIN' KID, a very handsome man, of Spanish descent, elegantly attired, beautifully adorned boots.

TURKEY RALSTON, a youngster with an unruly mop of red hair.

BART LONERGAN, a powerfully-built beefy man.

COREY, an emaciated tall man with the sunken cheeks and flushed eyes of a tuberculosis case.

The four men pause on the threshold, arms hanging limply at their sides, smoking guns in their hands as they take in the scene.

33. INT. VIENNA'S:

The posse, edged forward, staring rigidly at the newcomers holding their guns. The Marshal is nervous. McIvers' face is expressionless. Emma tenses with excitement. McIvers' riders glance from each other to McIvers as though awaiting their cue.

34. INT. VIENNA'S:

Johnny emerging from the kitchen, a cup of coffee in his hand. He pauses, senses the tension.

35. INT. VIENNA'S:

Vienna across the room at the foot of the stairs. Her eyes move, sweeping the room, taking in the almost suspended animation.

VIENNA: (loudly to the Kid and his bunch)

C'mon in, boys. Plenty of room at the bar.

Vienna goes behind the bar to serve them. The newcomers cross in single file toward the bar. As they walk past the tables, it is like passing a gauntlet. Vienna serves the glasses and pours the drinks.

The Kid grins at her; she does not respond.

Turkey, Bart and Corey keep their eyes on the other men. Corey gets a coughing fit, downs his drink and wipes his lips.

For a moment all eyes are on the coughing man. The tension has mounted to a pitch where the slightest movement can precipitate an all out gunfight. Corey's racking cough seems to postpone decision. He downs a glass of whiskey and his cough subsides.

CONTINUED:

35. CONTINUED:

Once more the silence becomes unendurable. Every man's hand is on his gun. Everyone is watching everyone else. No one moves. No one speaks.

36. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSE

Of a table. An upset glass rolls back and forth on the unbalanced tabletop. Then it starts to roll toward the edge of the table and rolls off. A hand catches the glass before it crashes to the floor. It is Johnny's. He sighs with relief as he noiselessly sets the glass upright back on the table.

37. INT. VIENNA'S:

Vienna is scanning the room desperately for some way of relieving the tension. Her eyes rest on Johnny who stands outside the kitchen door.

38. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSEUP

Johnny - he sees the plight in her eyes and gives her a reassuring smile.

39. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSEUP

Vienna, puzzled, wondering what he will do, continues to stare at Johnny.

40. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSE

Johnny returning Vienna's stare. He starts forward toward the bar carrying his full cup of black coffee. Immediately all eyes are attracted to the moving figure of this stranger who walks unarmed in contrast to their heavily armed persons. Johnny slowly passes the scrutinizing faces of both the posse and the Kid and his men. He reaches the bar and deliberately steps between the Kid and McIvers.

JOHNNY: (to Kid)

Got a cigarette, friend?

The Kid, not knowing what to make of this, hands Johnny a cigarette. Johnny puts it between his lips, turns to McIvers.

JOHNNY:

I'll trouble you for a light, friend.

McIvers, taken aback, strikes a match, lights the cigarette between Johnny's lips. Johnny leaning against the bar, facing the crowd, with a cigarette and a cup of coffee speaks:

CONTINUED:

40. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY:

There's nothing like a smoke and a cup of coffee. Some men got the craving for gold and silver. Others need lots of land with herds of cattle. There's those that got the weakness for whiskey and women. But when you boil it all down, what does a man need? Just a smoke and a cup of coffee.

He takes a deep drag on his cigarette, drinks some coffee.

MARSHAL:

Who are you?

JOHNNY:

The name, sir, is Johnny Guitar.

KID:

That's no name.

JOHNNY: (looking from the Kid to the sea  
of faces)

Anybody care to change it?

He looks at Vienna and grins impudently.

41. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSEUP

Vienna, behind the bar, spots the guitar, picks it up, slides it across the bar to him.

VIENNA: (not knowing what the result will be)

I hired you to play the guitar, not to insult my customers.

JOHNNY: (picking up the guitar case)

If these are your customers, I'm not sure I'll take this job.

VIENNA:

That's strong talk for a man who don't carry a gun.

KID:

It's also bad manners.

JOHNNY: (sizing him up)

You must be the Dancin' Kid.

41. CONTINUED:

KID: (grinning)

That's the name, friend. Care to change it?

JOHNNY: (after a pause)

I like it. Can you dance?

KID:

Can you play?

Johnny removes the guitar from its case and turns it over clumsily in his hands.

42. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSEUP  
Vienna, her heart in her mouth.

43. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSE  
Johnny, as he quickly strums a chord in brilliant style.

44. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSEUP  
Vienna, relieved.

45. INT. VIENNA'S:  
The Kid nods, impressed, then singles out Emma who stands watching him across the room. The Kid goes to her, she watches him come, both fascinated and repelled. Johnny is playing a fast, exciting waltz. As the Kid reaches her:

EMMA: (a whisper)

Don't --

The Kid sweeps Emma into his arms and, to the amazement of the onlookers, waltzes her around and around in front of the bar. Emma is in a semi-hypnotic state, trembling with lust and revulsion. The Kid dances her around the crap table when he suddenly stops, sees Len's body and releases Emma.

KID:

I'm sorry, Emma.

MARSHAL:

Where you boys been this afternoon?

BART:

How does that concern you?

CONTINUED:



45. CONTINUED:

MARSHAL:

I'm plenty concerned, young fellow,  
plenty concerned.

KID:

Relax, Bart. The Marshal's only tryin' to  
do his duty.

MARSHAL:

I'm still askin'.

KID: (turning to his men)

Now where were we this afternoon, Corey?

COREY:

Same place we are every day. Working our mine.

McIVERS:

What mine? Who says you got a mine? We  
never saw it.

TURKEY:

Where do you think we get our money?

McIVERS:

Stealin' and murderin' honest folks who  
work for it.

KID:

That's harsh talk, Mr. McIvers.

MARSHAL:

You boys don't ranch, you don't farm, you got  
no business, yet you always seem to have plenty  
of money to spend.

COREY:

Told you we got a silver mine.

McIVERS:

Maybe you better show<sup>us</sup>/this silver mine.

KID:

And have every man within five hundred miles  
stampin' on our necks?

45. CONTINUED:

TURKEY:

What is this? We just did a day's work and came here for a few drinks and a little cards like we do every Friday. Isn't that so, Vienna?

VIENNA:

They never miss a Friday.

EMMA:

She's lyin', that tramp.

VIENNA: (ignoring Emma, eyeing the posse coldly)

Anyone else think I'm lying?

No one speaks or rises.

EMMA:

She's one of them. I say - string them up. All of 'em.

KID: (smiling at Emma)

Me too, Emma?

Emma stares at the Dancin' Kid. He confuses her with mixed emotions.

MARSHAL: (turning to stage driver)

Jenks, how many men held up the stage?

The bunch turn their gaze on Jenks, who fidgets beneath their stare.

JENKS:

I think there was four.

A hush falls over the room as the tension increases. Even Johnny has ceased to strum. Vienna keeps her hands below the back of the bar.

McIVERS: (to Jenks)

C'mere, Jenks.

JENKS: (not rising)

What for?

CONTINUED:

45. CONTINUED:

Two of McIvers' riders rise, grab Jenks by the scruff of the neck and shove him over to the bar.

McIVERS: (indicating the wild bunch)

Take a good look at these men.

Jenks sweeps the four faces quickly with his eyes, then lowers them to a cuspidor.

MARSHAL:

Recognize any of 'em?

Again every man's hand goes to his gun, awaiting Jenks' reply.

JENKS:

I told you the sun was in my eyes.

McIVERS:

Jenks -- you got me and a dozen men behind you. You don't have to be afraid to talk.

JENKS:

I ain't afraid, Mr. McIvers. I told you before they wore masks. How could I recognize anyone?

The Marshal turns helplessly to McIvers. McIvers singles out Johnny and beckons.

McIVERS:

You - c'mere.

JOHNNY: (not moving)

I got a name, mister.

McIVERS: (impatiently)

I said come here.

JOHNNY:

Say it nicer.

Pete starts for Johnny; McIvers nods him back.

VIENNA: (to Johnny)

Don't start anything. Go talk to him.

CONTINUED:

45. CONTINUED:

Johnny crosses to McIvers.

McIVERS:

Where you from?

JOHNNY:

Albuquerque.

McIVERS:

You ride over the trail this afternoon?

JOHNNY:

Uh-huh.

McIVERS:

See anything?

JOHNNY:

Yeah, I saw the stage held up.

They stare at him; he adds:

JOHNNY: (continuing)

From high in the mountains. Couldn't make out any details.

MARSHAL:

Why didn't you ride down and help?

JOHNNY:

With what - this?

He riffs the strings on his guitar.

McIVERS:

Where are your guns?

JOHNNY:

Don't carry any.

PETE:

Maybe he dumped 'em right after the shooting.

JOHNNY:

You have a suspicious mind, son.

45. CONTINUED:

McIVERS:

How come you don't go armed?

JOHNNY:

Because I'm not the fastest draw west of the Pecos.

This breaks the ice; a titter of laughter rises from the men. Vienna smiles. The Kid glances from Vienna to Johnny, puzzled by this man.

Enraged by the round of laughter and Vienna's smiling face, Emma rushes up to McIvers.

EMMA:

They're laughin' at you. Is that what you came for - to be laughed at?

McIvers, goaded by Emma, becomes furious, grabs the nearly full bottle of whiskey off the bar and hurls it to the floor where the crash of glass silences the laughter. All eyes focus on him as he sweeps the faces with a stern glance.

McIVERS:

Now listen to this. Everybody. Listen good for I'm only gonna say it once. In twenty-four hours - mark it - in twenty-four hours this is closed territory. Nobody stays unless I say so. Nobody comes unless I send for him.

(eyeing Johnny)

I don't want no strangers around.

(taking in the Kid and his bunch)

This is cattle country. I don't want no miners around.

(to Eddie, Frank, Sam and finally Vienna)

We got a saloon in town. We don't need one here. I'm passin' a law against gamblin' and drinkin' outside of the town limits. That law goes into effect in twenty-four hours. That's all.

Vienna and McIvers stare determinedly at each other.

Johnny, picking up his guitar case, starts to pack his guitar away.

JOHNNY:

Well, it was nice meeting you all.

VIENNA:

Play some more.

45. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY: (indicating the sullen, unsmiling faces)  
Nobody seems to like my music.

VIENNA:

I like it - play.

Johnny begins to play, slowly, without enthusiasm.

KID: (to McIvers)

You don't own the whole state of Arizona.  
You got no call askin' us to leave.

McIVERS: (quietly)

I'm not askin'. I'm tellin' you.

BART:

Suppose we don't?

McIVERS:

You got twenty-four hours.

TURKEY:

He can't make his own law. Tell him, Marshal.

MARSHAL: (in a sweat, hesitant, to McIvers)

I'm not sure you can pass a law like that.

McIVERS: (repeats)

Twenty-four hours.

MARSHAL:

Now look here, Mac --

McIVERS: (interrupting)

Don't cross me, Marshal. I gave them fair  
warning. If they don't pull out, I suggest  
you go fishin' till it's over.

(glances out the window)

Looks like the wind's quieted down. Let's go,  
boys.

As McIvers' men rise and start for the doors, he peels off  
a couple of bills from a roll and tosses them on the bar in  
front of Vienna.

CONTINUED:



45. CONTINUED:

McIVERS:

That's for the bottle of whiskey. I don't want to owe you nothin'.

(he turns to Emma)

C'mon, Emma.

McIvers follows his men out. The body of Len Small is borne out. Emma comes past the bar, passing the Kid. The Kid and his bunch solemnly remove their hats. Emma turns to Vienna.

EMMA:

When they go, you better be with 'em.

The bunch stand at the bar until the posse has departed. Johnny is playing a satiric goodbye tune.

As the doors swing shut on the last member of the posse, Johnny strums his final chord.

KID: (turning to Vienna)

Twenty-four hours the man said. Want me to help you pack?

VIENNA:

I threw away my trunk when I came here.

KID:

McIvers has over thirty guns riding for him. What are you going to hold 'em off with --  
(glances at Johnny)  
-- a guitar?

VIENNA:

Mr. Guitar.

Johnny comes over to Vienna and the Kid.

JOHNNY:

Yes, ma'am?

VIENNA:

Still want the job?

JOHNNY: (looking from the Kid to Vienna)

A man's got to plant roots somewhere. This seems a nice quiet place.

(gazing back at the Kid)

Friendly, too.

45. CONTINUED:

KID: (to Vienna)

I like him.

The Kid continues to Johnny:

KID: (continuing)

I like you, mister. Maybe you care to work for me?

JOHNNY:

Just what is your business, sir?

KID:

I'll find one. All you gotta do is play that box for me.

JOHNNY: (looking at Vienna)

I like the first offer.

The Kid's amused smile vanishes.

KID:

It's better you work for me.

VIENNA: (to Kid)

You heard the man.

KID: (confronting, Johnny, all his casualness gone)

All of a sudden, I don't like you, mister.

JOHNNY:

That makes me real sad. I always hate to lose a friend.

VIENNA:

That's the way it goes. You lose one and you find one. Play something for me, Johnny.

JOHNNY:

Anything special?

VIENNA:

Just put a lot of love in it.

CONTINUED:

45. CONTINUED:

KID:

He ain't gonna play so good all stretched out on that crap table.

JOHNNY: (to Vienna)

What's eatin' the fancy man?

VIENNA: (to Kid)

Tell us. What's your trouble, Kid?

KID:

I'm in no trouble. He is.

(to Johnny)

Foolin' with a strange woman can bring a guy a lotta grief.

JOHNNY: (to Vienna, a challenging look in his eye)

You a strange woman?

VIENNA: (returning Johnny's look)

Only to strangers.

KID: (looking from Johnny to Vienna, puzzled and annoyed)

What's goin' on with you two? I don't like it.

JOHNNY:

What are you gettin' so worked up for?

KID:

Maybe I don't like guitar players.

JOHNNY:

The lady sent for me - not you.

Controlling himself with effort, the Kid reaches in his pocket, takes out a silver dollar.

KID:

Heads I'm gonna kill you, mister.

Tails you can play her a tune.

He tosses the coin in the air. Vienna catches it before it hits the floor.

CONTINUED:

45. CONTINUED:

VIENNA: (to Johnny)

Play me a tune.

Johnny starts playing his guitar, moving away from them up to the bar where he leans against it playing. Corey and Turkey are on Johnny's right, Bart is on his left.

During all this Johnny and Vienna never take their eyes off each other. The song has a meaning for them.

BART: (interrupting)

Play somethin' else.

JOHNNY: (continuing the same tune)

What would you like to hear?

BART:

I'll tell you when I hear it.

JOHNNY:

When you name it, I'll play it.

Johnny continues to play the same tune.

BART: (edging along the bar closer to Johnny)

Ain't I seen you before?

JOHNNY:

Where?

BART:

You tell me.

JOHNNY:

I couldn't say.

He starts to go.

BART:

Don't go.

JOHNNY: (pausing)

Why not?

BART:

I want to study you some more. Have a drink.

45. CONTINUED:

Bart pours a drink for Johnny. Johnny downs it.

JOHNNY:

Thanks.

He starts to go again.

BART:

I said -- don't go.  
(refills Johnny's glass)  
Have another.

JOHNNY:

No, thanks.

BART: (shoving the filled glass toward Johnny)

Yes, thanks.

JOHNNY:

You misunderstood me. I said 'no, thanks.'

Corey and Turkey are watching this with amused grins.  
Bart, aware of his audience, grows more aggressive.

46. INT. VIENNA'S: TWO SHOT  
INCLUDING Vienna and the Kid watching the play at the bar.

BART:

I'm settin' 'em up. All you gotta do is  
drink 'em.

COREY:

Maybe he don't like your company, Bart.

TURKEY:

Yeah, the gitbox man is fussy who he drinks  
with.

Johnny looks at the three faces grinning evilly at him.  
He lifts the glass.

JOHNNY:

Your health, gentlemen.

He drinks it, starts to go again. Bart grabs his arm with  
one hand, restraining him, and refills the empty glass  
from the bottle.

CONTINUED:

46. CONTINUED:

BART:

Have one more.

JOHNNY:

I thank you kindly, mister, but I had enough.

BART:

I'll say when's enough.  
(releasing Johnny's arm, he shoves the  
glass close to him)

Empty it.

Johnny neatly turns the glass upside-down, spilling the  
whiskey on the bar. Turkey laughs, Corey smirks. Bart's  
eyes narrow.

BART:

That one slipped. Guess the glass was wet.  
(to bartender)  
Give us a fresh glass, Frank.

Frank serves a fresh glass.

BART: (continuing)

A bigger one.

Frank serves a double-size glass. Bart slowly fills it  
to the brim.

BART: (continuing)

There -- that's a nice size man's drink.  
Pick it up.

JOHNNY: (picks up the glass)

I'm afraid it's going to slip again.

BART:

Want me to hold it for you?

JOHNNY:

Too late.

Johnny deliberately lets the glass drop to the floor where  
it breaks, spilling the whiskey.

CONTINUED:

46. CONTINUED:

BART: (picks up the half-filled whiskey  
bottle from the bar)

When a man can't hold onto a glass, he should  
drink like a baby from the bottle. Open your  
mouth, guitar man, I'll feed you.

47. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSE TWO  
Vienna and the Kid.

KID:

Want me to stop it?

VIENNA:

I don't think so. Not just yet.

48. INT. VIENNA'S:  
At the bar.

BART: (holding up the bottle)

I said open your mouth, guitar man.

Johnny lays his guitar gently down on the bar, removes his  
coat, folds it neatly and lays it down on the bar. Bart,  
grinning, removes his hat and coat.

VIENNA:

Outside, please.

Johnny glances over at Vienna; she shows no interest in  
the proceedings. Johnny starts out, followed by Bart.

VIENNA:

Bart, leave your guns.

Bart unbuckles his belt, leaves his guns on the bar and  
follows Johnny out. As the doors swing shut after Bart,  
all eyes are on the swinging door which continues to sway  
back and forth. Silence prevails. The sounds of a fight  
are heard. Savage blows, grunts, the smash of knuckle on  
flesh, bodies falling against the porch.

49. INT. VIENNA'S:  
Vienna and the Kid. During the scene the fight outside  
continues and occasionally the violence of it breaks into  
the dialogue, interrupting it momentarily. (Enough of  
fight will be covered to cut to should it be necessary.)

KID:

I'm not leaving here without you.

CONTINUED:

49. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

I'm not leaving.

KID:

You go where I go.

VIENNA:

Since when?

KID:

Seems I've lost some of my charm.

VIENNA:

All of it.

She crosses to window where the fighting figures have come into view.

KID: (grinning)

I always wanted to shoot me a guitar man.

VIENNA:

They'll hang you yet, Kid.

KID:

You don't care, huh?

VIENNA:

I can't stop it. Only you can.

KID:

Suppose I shake off the boys so it's only you and me. We could go to California.

VIENNA:

What's in California?

KID:

We'll find something.

VIENNA:

I have something here.

CONTINUED:



49. CONTINUED:

KID:

What?

VIENNA:

You have no patience, Kid. I told you the railroad was coming through. All you had to do was sit it out.

KID:

You'll never sit it out. Not with Emma and McIvers watching that track come down the mountain and passin' 'em by. You gotta get out and you got nowhere to go. You need me like I need you.

VIENNA:

You're wrong, Kid. I don't need you.

KID:

I remember different. And it's not so long ago. You couldn't see enough of me. You wouldn't let me go.

VIENNA:

You remember. I don't. That's the way it goes.

(INTERCUT THE FIGHT)

KID:

Made of iron, aren't you? Don't even scratch. Nothin' shows on the outside. But inside you're still a woman, Vienna.

(glances up the balcony at the closed door to Vienna's quarters)

I'll bet you do a lotta cryin' up in that room.

VIENNA:

Tom has to mop up the floors twice a week.

KID:

All my life all I had to do was touch a woman --  
(he runs his hand up her bare arm)  
-- she melts like butter. Why did I have to run into you?

CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

I like you, Kid. I don't know what you've done, I don't want to know. Ride out of here. Keep riding till you get to California and don't look back.

KID:

That's what I should do, but I never do what I should.

VIENNA:

It's your funeral.

KID:

Don't bury me, yet.

Suddenly the front doors swing open and Bart's bloody figure is framed in the entrance. Suddenly he is propelled forward, staggers and falls to his face, revealing Johnny standing between the doors. It was Johnny who has held Bart upright and shoved him in. Johnny too is bruised, bloody and battered as he makes his way to the bar and slowly, painfully, slips into his coat.

Kid speaks to Corey and Turkey, indicating Bart's figure lying on the floor:

KID:

Put him on his horse.

Bart has risen weakly to his knees as Corey swings an arm under him and half-carries, half-drags Bart out.

The Kid crosses to Johnny at the bar.

KID:

You made a big mistake, mister. Bart's a southerner. You hurt his pride more'n you did him. He'll be gettin' back at you.

(turns to Vienna)

Thanks for a real nice evenin', Vienna.

He exits. Johnny exits to kitchen. Turkey, who lingers behind, starts toward Vienna.

TURKEY:

Vienna -

VIENNA: (turns, is surprised to see Turkey still there)

Yes?

49. CONTINUED:

TURKEY:

After what happened tonight, I don't guess we'll be seein' you anymore.

VIENNA:

You going to miss me, Turkey?

TURKEY:

You been about my only friend.  
If you're gonna stay, I'm stayin' with you.

VIENNA: (with a smile)

If you look after me, who's going to look after you?

TURKEY:

Look, the Kid's fast but I'm faster.

He whips out his gun, fires once.

49A. OMITTED.

49B. INT. KITCHEN:

Johnny and Tom. They react to shot. Johnny drops his towel. They start for door, Tom ahead of Johnny.

49C. INT. VIENNA'S:

Turkey and Vienna. Turkey again flips his gun out of holster, twirls it, fires three more times. As he shoots, CAMERA MOVES IN to close of his gun as it fires the fourth shot.

A beat later there is a shot o.s. and we see Turkey's gun fly from his hands to the floor. As it hits the floor - three shots rapidly following scoot it toward the entrance to the saloon.

49D. INT. VIENNA'S: REVERSE SHOT

Of Johnny. We see him with gun in hand now taking his sight off Turkey's gun and pulling it up to shoot at Turkey. As he does so, Vienna steps in front of Turkey. Johnny, trembling, claps his left hand over his right wrist, restraining himself.

VIENNA: (to Turkey)

That was good shooting, Turkey -- for a boy.

Turkey slowly walks out, half-turned at Johnny, stops to pick up his gun, and exits.

Vienna walks over to Johnny who stands, gun in hand. The seizure has passed, he is now in full control of himself. 41.

49D. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

Give me that gun.

Johnny hands it to her, she tosses it to Tom who stares at Johnny bewildered by Johnny's display of sudden fury. Vienna glances over at Sam, Eddie and Frank; they too stare at Johnny. Vienna addresses them:

VIENNA:

You can turn in.

Tom, Frank, Eddie and Sam exit to bunkroom. Vienna turns to Johnny.

VIENNA:

You're still gun-crazy, huh?

JOHNNY:

No, I thought the youngster was trying to shoot up the place.

VIENNA:

Frank, Eddie and Sam didn't think so.

JOHNNY:

I guess I acted a little hasty.

VIENNA:

If I hadn't stepped in front of Turkey, you would've shot him.

Johnny makes no reply.

VIENNA: (continuing)

You haven't changed at all, Johnny.

JOHNNY:

What made you think I had?

VIENNA:

In five years a person should learn something.

JOHNNY:

I met you in a saloon, now I find you in one. I don't see much change.

CONTINUED:

49D. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

Come here.

She crosses to the model of the railroad. Johnny follows her; they look down at the model town.

VIENNA: (continuing)

Recognize this?

JOHNNY:

Looks like a lot of big towns I been in.

VIENNA:

This town will be here next year. You can own part of it. Share and share alike with Tom, Frank, Eddie and Sam.

JOHNNY:

Why me?

VIENNA:

Maybe I need a gunfighter.

JOHNNY:

Albuquerque's lousy with gunfighters these days.

VIENNA:

I wanted Johnny Logan.

JOHNNY:

I don't use that name anymore.

VIENNA:

So you changed your name and thought that would change everything.

JOHNNY: (uncomfortable at the truth of Vienna's remark)

You hired me to do a job.

VIENNA:

That all you came for - to do a job?

CONTINUED:

49D. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY:

No, I wanted to see you again.  
Heard you had a little luck, guess  
I was curious.

VIENNA:

Luck had nothing to do with it.

JOHNNY:

I was being polite.

VIENNA:

I'm not ashamed of how I got what I have.  
The important thing is I've got it.

JOHNNY:

That's the way most people look at it.

VIENNA:

Except you. What right have you to judge?

JOHNNY:

I once loved you. A man takes pride in  
something he really cares for. He hates to  
see it trampled.

VIENNA:

A man can lie, steal, kill but as long as  
he holds onto his pride, he's still a man.  
All a woman has to do is slip once and  
she's a tramp. Must be a real comfort to  
you to be a man.

JOHNNY:

I didn't make the rules but that's the way  
it is.

VIENNA:

Did you honestly believe that after all  
these years I was waiting for you?

JOHNNY:

I had a long ride up here from Albuquerque.  
I had to think of somethin'. It was kind  
of nice to think you were waiting for me.

VIENNA:

That's mighty generous of you, Mr. Logan.  
Is that a proposal?

JOHNNY:

A man's got to stop somewhere. I guess this  
is as good a spot as any.

VIENNA:

That's just about the most touching speech  
a woman ever listened to. I'm overwhelmed.

JOHNNY:

Maybe I'm rushing it a little but that's the  
idea, isn't it?

VIENNA:

No, Mr. Logan. It's not my idea at all.

JOHNNY:

Suppose you tell me.

VIENNA:

It's a sad story.

JOHNNY:

I listen good to sad stories.

VIENNA:

Five years ago I loved a man. He wasn't good.  
He wasn't bad. But I loved him. I wanted to  
marry him, to work with him and build something  
for the future. Am I boring you?

JOHNNY:

Not a bit.

VIENNA:

He wore fine guns, he liked to ride fine  
horses, wear fine clothes and spend his  
money on fancy girls in fancy places.

JOHNNY:

Sounds familiar.

49D. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

He said he loved me too.

JOHNNY:

They should have lived happily ever after.

VIENNA:

No, they broke up.

JOHNNY:

I wonder why.

VIENNA:

He couldn't see himself tied down to a home. He'd have to trade in those fine guns, that fine horse and those fine clothes for a pair of overalls and a plough.

JOHNNY: (looking over the place and then the model)

Looks like the girl did a smart thing getting rid of him.

VIENNA:

She was smart all right. She learned not to love anyone again.

JOHNNY:

Five years is a long time. There must have been quite a few men in between.

VIENNA:

Enough.

JOHNNY:

What do you think would happen if this man came back again?

VIENNA: (gazing at the fireplace)

When a fire burns itself out, all you've got left are ashes.

Vienna crosses to the end of the bar, starts to raise the pulley to lower the chandelier.



49D. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY: (crossing to her)

I'll do that.

VIENNA:

Thank you.

As Vienna comes to staircase, Johnny lowers the chandelier and puts out the lamps. As he puts out the last lamp, Vienna reaches the top of the stairs. He watches her exit to her room.

49E. INT. VIENNA'S ROOM:

Vienna enters, closes the door, stands there leaning against the door. We see the meeting with Johnny has been an ordeal. Her desire for him is as great as ever, yet she cannot make herself accept him under these circumstances.

50. EXT. COTTONWOODS: (SUNSET)

Four horsemen riding through the cottonwoods. They are the Kid, Corey, Turkey and Bart, who sits painfully in his saddle, his face caked with dried blood from his fight with Johnny.

51. EXT. STREET - AT CAVE ENTRANCE: (SUNSET)

The stream runs along the base of a mountain which rises from the river bank of the stream to a considerable height. Its walls are sheer and smooth and rise almost perpendicular.

The four horsemen come into shot and ride along the outer bank of the swift running stream for a ways. Then led by the Kid who rides first, they cut abruptly across the stream toward the wall of the mountain, from which a waterfall descends.

They pass through the waterfall and disappear behind it.

51A. INT. CAVE: (SUNSET)

SHOOTING from inside the tunnel as the four horsemen come through the waterfall and pass Camera.

51B. EXT. CAVE TUNNEL: (SUNSET)

At tunnel exit as the four come riding out and exit toward the Lair.

52. EXT. THE LAIR: (SUNSET)

The Lair is a two-story, wooden cabin built on the mountain's inner ledge. A steep, narrow trail leads from the cleft through which the horsemen have passed up to the ledge upon which the cabin is perched. A stable occupies the first floor.

The four horsemen ride into the stable, dismount and go up to the cabin where they enter.

52. CONTINUED:

As we FOLLOW them up, we see a man-made open tunnel in the mountain, the ceiling of which is propped up by heavy timbers. It is the opening to a mine. Mining tools and digging apparatus lie about the open tunnel. A small smelter is situated a short distance from the opening.

53. INT. THE LAIR: (SUNSET)

The four men enter in silence; Corey picks up a book, Bart slumps down in a chair. Turkey begins to pace nervously. The Kid hangs up his gunbelt on a wall hook, then stares out the window at the opening to their mine below. Bart speaks to Turkey who paces before him:

BART: (to Turkey)

Sit down.

TURKEY:

I can't figure who it was held up the stage.

COREY:

There must be a hundred gangs hiding out in Mexico. They hit and run and we get the blame.

BART:

McIvers says we got twenty-four hours to get - in case any of you disremember.

TURKEY:

The mine's all played out - it wasn't much to begin with - we might as well pull out.

BART:

What do you say, Corey?

Corey glances over at the Kid who stands staring out the window, his back to them.

COREY:

The Kid will tell us what to do.

BART: (angrily)

I asked you your opinion, Mr. Corey.

COREY:

I told you the Kid will do the tellin', Mr. Lonergan.

53. CONTINUED:

BART:

The Kid seems to have other things on his mind.

KID: (turning to face Bart)

Meanin' what?

BART:

Vienna. You're still stuck on her.  
That's what keeping us all here.

The Kid looks from Bart to Turkey, to Corey, sees they share Bart's opinion but, while Bart is belligerent, both Turkey and Corey seem to feel sorry for the Kid.

KID:

You want to go -- go.

He turns his back on them and looks out the window again.  
No one moves.

BART:

We can't stay without a fight. McIvers don't make small talk.

KID:

Seems you lost your taste for fightin', Bart.

BART:

Depends what I'm fighting for. And no woman is worth it.

KID:

Think so, huh.

BART:

I've known plenty. They're all the same.  
No good.

KID:

You and Emma would make a fine couple.

BART:

Yeah ---- what do you mean?

53. CONTINUED:

KID:

You don't drink. You don't smoke. You're mean to horses -- what do you like, Bart?

BART:

Me. I like me. And I'm takin' good care of it.

KID:

Maybe you're right, Bart. This dust and sand around here is bad for Corey's lungs. We're goin' to California.

COREY:

The horses won't last.

KID:

We'll buy fresh horses on the way.

BART:

Did I hear you say "buy?"

KID:

That's right. Only idiots steal horses.

Corey's face breaks out in a wondrous smile. Turkey grins in open admiration. Even Bart begins to chuckle.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

53A. OMITTED.

53B. INT. VIENNA'S ROOM: (NIGHT)

A shaft of moonlight slants in from the window across the bed where Vienna lies, her eyes wide open, fully awake. She is in torment, the torment of suppressed desire. She turns over burying her face in the pillow, clutching it tightly with clenched fists.

The only sounds are that of nighthawks in the trees outside. Then a new sound is heard from below in the saloon, the twang of a single guitar. Vienna raises her head, listens. The sound is not repeated. Then she quickly rises, dons her robe and exits from her room.

53C. INT. VIENNA'S - AT STAIRCASE: (NIGHT)

Vienna pauses at the top of the staircase and looks down.

53C. CONTINUED:

The saloon is dark except for several long shafts of moonlight pouring in through the top windows, casting wide streaks, cutting the darkness. A low fire still burns in the hearth.

In one of these streaks of moonlight is Johnny, standing at the bar, pouring himself a drink from a whiskey bottle into a glass. He is fully dressed and wears his hat and has had quite a few drinks. His guitar lies on the bar.

Vienna noiselessly descends the stairs and starts for the bar where Johnny stands, his back to her. He downs a drink, then hears her and whirls around.

VIENNA:

Having fun, Mr. Logan?

JOHNNY:

I couldn't sleep.

VIENNA: (indicating the whiskey bottle)

That stuff help any?

JOHNNY:

It makes the night go faster.

(he downs his drink as he refills  
his glass)

What's keeping you awake?

VIENNA:

Dreams. Bad dreams.

JOHNNY:

I get 'em sometime too.

He pours her a glass, offers it to her, continuing:

JOHNNY:

This'll chase 'em away.

VIENNA: (refusing the drink)

I tried that. It didn't help.

JOHNNY: (fondling the glass of whiskey  
in his hand)

Tell you the truth, it doesn't help me  
either.

53C. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

What would?

JOHNNY:

A pair of arms around me and a woman's voice whisperin' -- don't matter what she says.

VIENNA:

That shouldn't be hard for you to find.

JOHNNY:

It's never the right woman.

VIENNA:

Is there ever?

JOHNNY:

There was - once.

They gaze into each other's eyes.

JOHNNY: (continuing)

You look a lot like her. It could have been you.

VIENNA:

It could have been.

JOHNNY:

How many men have you forgotten?

VIENNA:

As many women as you remember.

JOHNNY: (putting his hands on her shoulders)

Don't go away.

VIENNA:

I haven't moved.

A pause.

JOHNNY:

Tell me something nice.

53C. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

Sure, what would you like to hear?

JOHNNY:

Lie to me. Tell me all these years  
you waited. Tell me.

VIENNA: (without feeling)

All these years I've waited for you,  
Johnny.

JOHNNY:

Tell me you'd-a died if I hadn't come back.

VIENNA: (without feeling)

I would have died if you hadn't come back.

JOHNNY:

Tell me you still love me like I love you.

VIENNA: (without feeling)

I still love you like you love me.

JOHNNY: (dropping his hands from her shoulders;  
he realizes he failed to arouse some  
feeling out of the past)

Thanks. Thanks a lot.

He picks up his glass of whiskey.

With the swipe of her arm, Vienna knocks the glass out of  
his hand, spilling the contents. He stares at her  
surprised at this sudden show of violence.

VIENNA:

Stop feeling so sorry for yourself.  
You think you had it rough?  
How do you think it was for me?  
I didn't find this place.  
I had to build it. That cost money.  
How do you think I earned it?

JOHNNY:

I don't want to know.

VIENNA:

I want you to know. That for every board  
and plank and beam that went into this  
place I --

53C. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY: (grabbing her by the shoulders)

Shut up!

VIENNA:

No, you're going to listen --

JOHNNY:

Shut up I said.

VIENNA:

You can't shut me up, Johnny, not anymore.  
Once I would have crawled at your feet to  
be near you --

JOHNNY:

What are you tryin' to do -- drive me crazy?  
It's bad enough what I'm thinkin'. Don't  
make it any plainer.

VIENNA:

I can't hold it in me any longer.  
Hear me - then forget it - but hear me.

JOHNNY: (he talks fast, a man desperately  
groping to make the past the present)

Look, Vienna. You just said you had a bad  
dream. We both had. But it's over. It's  
just like it was five years ago. Nothing's  
happened in between. Not a thing. You got  
nothin' to tell me 'cause it's not real.  
Only you and me - that's real. We're having  
a drink at the bar in the Alamo Hotel. The  
band is playing. Listen and you can hear it.  
We're celebrating 'cause we're getting  
married. The wagon's loaded and right after  
the weddin' we're gettin' out of this hotel  
and goin' away. So laugh, Vienna, be happy,  
it's your weddin' day.

Vienna chokes up and cries. Johnny takes her in his arms.  
They cling to each other.

VIENNA: (between tears)

I have waited for you, Johnny.  
(then she releases all of her pent-up  
emotions, saying)  
What took you so long?

Their lips meet hungrily.

DISSOLVE TO:



53D. INT. VIENNA'S ROOM: (DAY)

Vienna is getting ready to go into town, gathering bank books from the desk. Hears sound of horses from below through opened window. She crosses to window, looks down, sees Old Tom and Johnny are hitching a pair of horses to a two-seater buggy. Vienna is happy, smiling.

54. EXT. VIENNA'S:

Johnny and Tom, hitching the pair of horses to the buggy. Johnny works briskly, he is in good spirits.

TOM:

I was looking for you last night.  
Where'd you go?

JOHNNY:

I was around.

TOM:

I couldn't find you.

JOHNNY:

You didn't look hard enough.

TOM:

You wasn't in the bunkhouse. You wasn't in the stable. I looked everywhere else.

JOHNNY:

Let's drop it, huh.

TOM:

Kinda edgy this mornin', ain't you?

JOHNNY:

I said to drop it.

Vienna emerges from her place, now dressed in a skirt looking more feminine than we have seen her before. She crosses to the buggy.

VIENNA: (happily)

Good morning.

JOHNNY: (brightly)

Good morning.

She starts to climb into the wagon and is pleasantly surprised as he helps her up into the wagon.

54. CONTINUED:

Johnny climbs up into the driver's seat. Tom goes to straighten the harness. Johnny stares at Vienna in her femininity. Vienna looks down at Tom, who finishes and steps aside for the buggy to pass.

VIENNA: (to Johnny)

What are we waiting for?

JOHNNY:

Where to?

VIENNA:

To town.

Johnny snaps out of his reverie, snaps the reins, the buggy starts off. HOLD on Tom watching them drive off.

TOM:

Like the man said, all a fella needs is a cup of coffee and a good smoke.

55. EXT. TRAIL INTO TOWN: LONG

Of the two-seater buggy drawn by the pair of horses trotting towards town.

56. EXT. TRAIL - IN BUGGY: CLOSE TWO

Johnny and Vienna.

VIENNA:

You're awfully quiet this morning.  
What's on your mind?

JOHNNY: (starts as if to go into a long spiel)

Well, that's a long story --

VIENNA: (interrupting)

Make it short.

JOHNNY:

You.

VIENNA:

That's short.  
(glances down at his hips)  
Where are your guns?

56. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY:

Where you want 'em to be -- in my saddlebag.

VIENNA:

For the time, I'm a lot safer with a guitar player than a gunfighter.

JOHNNY:

I wish I felt the same.

They ride in silence.

JOHNNY:

Why does Emma hate you?

VIENNA:

It started with the Dancing Kid - she's in love with him.

JOHNNY:

Last night she was trying hard to get him hung.

VIENNA:

That's it. He made her feel like a woman, and it frightened her. Emma's all mixed up.

JOHNNY:

How'd you meet the Dancin' Kid?

VIENNA:

Is it important?

JOHNNY:

It is to me.

VIENNA:

Tell me your reason.

JOHNNY: (grinning)

I hate to kill a man and not know why.

VIENNA:

Five years ago you liked to see men flirt with me. You laughed at them. It made you feel good.

56. CONTINUED:

She glances at him; he is no longer grinning.

VIENNA: (continuing)

But you've changed. What do you  
laugh at now?

JOHNNY:

A woman who thinks like a man, talks  
like a man --

He stops.

VIENNA: (challengingly)

And?

JOHNNY:

I've only been here twenty-four hours.  
Give me a chance.

VIENNA:

I think I will - mister.

They smile at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

57. EXT. TOWN: (DAY)

The street is deserted. The stores are closed. Only a  
stray dog lopes lazily toward the horse trough as the  
buggy carrying Johnny and Vienna comes down the street  
and pulls up in front of the bank. Johnny jumps out and  
helps Vienna.

VIENNA: (reacting)

Wait here.

Johnny takes out the makings to roll a cigarette as Vienna  
crosses to the bank entrance.

58. EXT. BANK:

Vienna goes to the glass-paned bank door and tries the  
door. It is locked. She rattles the doorknob. The  
guard, JAKE, appears on the inside. He wears two guns.  
The old teller, NED, comes up behind him.

GUARD: (recognizing her)

Bank's closed, Vienna.

VIENNA:

Why? It's no holiday.

58. CONTINUED:

GUARD:

They're all down at the cemetery for  
Mr. Small's funeral.

VIENNA:

That still doesn't make it a holiday.  
It's ten o'clock Saturday morning and  
I want my money.

The guard holds a conversation with the old teller on the  
inside. The teller nods and the guard unlocks the door  
for Vienna to enter.

59. INT. BANK:

TELLER:

I guess we can accommodate you, Vienna.

VIENNA:

Thank you, Ned.

The teller crosses to behind his cage as Vienna goes to the  
front of the cage, pens in a withdrawal slip and shoves it  
beneath the grill.

TELLER: (gazing at the withdrawal slip  
in surprise)

Why are you closing your account?

VIENNA:

Now that Mr. Small is gone, I'm not doing  
business with Emma.

TELLER:

You want it in gold or notes?

VIENNA:

Notes will do.

The teller goes back to the vault, opens it and enters.

60. EXT. BANK:

Johnny sits in the buggy smoking his cigarette as a wagon  
covered with a tarpaulin and drawn by four spirited horses  
pulls up alongside his buggy. Only one man is driving the  
wagon. Johnny recognizes Turkey. He is unarmed.

TURKEY: (pleasantly to Johnny)

'Morning.

60. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY:

'Morning.

Turkey takes a leather pouch from the seat, climbs down from the wagon and crosses to the bank doors. He tries the door, it is locked. He rattles the knob and raps on the glass.

61. INT. BANK:

Vienna at the teller's cage, as the teller shoves a large batch of currency over the counter toward Vienna. The money is in small, neat bundles. Vienna starts stuffing the currency into her bag.

TELLER: (sliding a paper across the counter)

Just sign that receipt, Vienna.

The guard who stands near the edge starts for the door attracted by the rapping on the pane.

TELLER: (calling to guard)

No one else, Jake.

Jake, the guard, nods to the teller as he continues toward the door.

62. INT. BANK - AT DOOR:

Guard at door. He sees Turkey outside holding the leather pouch.

GUARD:

Bank's closed, son.

TURKEY:

I want to make a deposit.

GUARD:

Come back in an hour.

TURKEY: (holding up the leather pouch)

Can I leave this with you?

The guard hesitates.

TURKEY: (continuing)

I don't want to carry it around.

Guard looks Turkey over, sees he is merely an unarmed youth.

62. CONTINUED:

GUARD: (unlocking the door, he opens it  
a scant six inches and reaches  
forth his arm)

Just hand it over.

Suddenly Turkey grabs the guard's outstretched arm and yanks him out as Corey, Bart and the Kid jump from the wagon. Corey hits the guard over the head with his gun butt, knocking the guard unconscious as the two rush into the bank.

63. INT. BANK:

Teller reaching for a gun, but before he can get it up, he is covered by Bart and Corey. Vienna stares wide-eyed at this sudden turn of events.

64. EXT. BANK:

The Kid with drawn six-shooter covers Johnny who remains seated in buggy as before, the burning cigarette dangling from the corner of his lips. Turkey is tying the hands of the still unconscious guard.

JOHNNY:

Looks like I got me a front row seat to  
this show.

KID:

You want to be a hero or stay alive?

JOHNNY: (shaking his head with a wry smile)

I got a lot of respect for a gun. Besides,  
I'm a stranger here myself.

KID: (tossing his other gun to Turkey)

Keep him covered and saddle the horses.

The Kid runs into the bank as Turkey, keeping Johnny covered, climbs onto the wagon and starts tossing saddles down from the wagon onto the ground alongside the horses.

65. INT. BANK:

Vienna, as the Kid rushes into the bank. Corey has the teller covered as Bart already inside the vault can be seen in background, stuffing gold and bank notes into a money sack.

KID: (to Corey)

Go help Bart.

Corey dashes into the vault. The Kid stands before the teller's cage with his drawn gun covering both the teller and Vienna.

65. CONTINUED:

KID:

You picked a bad time to do business, Vienna.

VIENNA:

You're crazy. Now they'll hang the stage killing on your neck.

KID:

They already did last night.

VIENNA:

Call your men off - get out of here and no one will know.

(turning to the teller)  
Tell him you'll forget about it, Ned.

TELLER:

I promise you, Kid. No one will know.

KID:

But I want 'em to know. And to remember. I'm gonna leave this town so broke it'll never forget the Dancin' Kid.

VIENNA:

Emma will never let you get away with it. You don't know her. I do.

KID: (calling to Bart and Corey inside the vault)

Hurry it up, boys. That funeral ain't gonna last all day.

VIENNA:

Listen to me. So far you've done nothing wrong.

KID:

You heard McIvers. We gotta go, but we're not going empty-handed.

VIENNA:

He told me too but I'm staying. I tell you you don't have to go.



65. CONTINUED:

KID:

What have I got to stay for?

VIENNA: (lowering her voice)

What do you want?

KID:

What do you want, she says. Just like it's there for the askin'. If I give this up, could I hold onto you? For how long? You don't want me. You never did.

(calling to Corey and Bart inside the vault)

What's taking you guys so long?

Vienna starts toward him.

KID: (continuing)

You can't stop me, Vienna.

VIENNA: (determined)

I'm going to.

KID: (equally determined)

Don't try.

VIENNA:

You'll have to shoot me.

KID:

I will.

They look into each other's eyes a long moment. Neither's gaze weakens. Out of the corner of his eyes the Kid sees Ned's right hand starting to drop.

KID:

Keep 'em up, Ned. High.

Ned shoots both hands high above his head again. In the momentary distraction, Vienna starts for the Kid.

KID: (leveling his gun straight at her)

Don't push me, Vienna.

Vienna continues until the gun's muzzle almost touches her bosom. Looking into his narrowed eyes, she places her hand on his gun.

65. CONTINUED:

For a split second it looks as though the Kid will let her have it, then he leaps back and shouts to Corey and Bart inside the vault:

KID:

Time's up. Let's go, boys.

66. EXT. BANK:

Johnny sits in the buggy as before. Turkey, while keeping an eye on Johnny, has freed the four horses from the wagon harness and saddled them for the riders.

Suddenly two small boys appear from nowhere on the street. They stop and stare at Turkey holding a gun on Johnny. Johnny sees them. So does Turkey. The boys turn and start running down the street towards the cemetery. For a moment it looks as though Turkey may fire at them. Johnny rises in his buggy as if to leap at Turkey.

TURKEY: (turning from the running boys  
to Johnny)

Sit down, Mr. Guitar. I don't shoot kids.

66A. EXT. BANK: CLOSEUP  
Of Johnny.

66B. EXT. BANK: CLOSEUP  
Of Turkey.

66C. EXT. BANK:  
Under Turkey's gun, Johnny resumes his seat as Turkey runs to the door, stepping over the guard's body and shouts into the bank:

TURKEY:

Let's go. We been seen.

A moment later, Corey and Bart dash out of the bank carrying money sacks. Turkey has jockeyed their horses in position for quick mounting. Then the Kid comes running out and leaps upon his horse.

Bart wheels his horse to face Johnny, whips his gun out to fire at Johnny but the Kid grabs his arm.

BART:

I was only gonna wing him so he couldn't follow.

KID:

Yeah, I know. He won't follow.

66C. CONTINUED:

The four men whip their horses and ride off in the opposite direction taken by the two boys who ran toward the cemetery. Johnny leaps down from the wagon and runs toward the bank as Vienna slowly emerges, lost in deep thought of disillusionment.

JOHNNY:

Did you get what you came for?

VIENNA:

I got mine.

Vienna slowly walks down to the buggy and climbs up into it and sits. Johnny follows her, climbing up into the driver's seat beside her.

VIENNA:

Let's go home.

Johnny snaps the reins and the two horses break out into a trot, taking the trail back to Vienna's.

DISSOLVE TO:

66D. EXT. TRAIL - IN BUGGY: (DAY) CLOSE TWO  
Johnny and Vienna. They ride in silence. Johnny glances at her, waiting for some explanation.

JOHNNY:

Was I dreaming, or did I just see a bank held up?

VIENNA:

The Kid's no bank robber. McIvers forced his hand by giving him twenty-four hours.

JOHNNY:

McIvers didn't put a gun in his hand and wheel him up to the bank. That was the Kid's idea.

VIENNA:

I tried to stop him.

JOHNNY:

Who's going to believe that?

VIENNA:

Don't you?

JOHNNY:

What I think doesn't matter. You better start worrying about Emma and McIvers.

VIENNA:

I want to know what you're thinking.

JOHNNY:

I know you and the Kid hitting the bank at the same time was an accident, but I've seen posses hang men on less evidence.

VIENNA:

Looks like every move I make plays into Emma's hand.

JOHNNY:

We've got only one move now - to get out and get out fast.

(he whips the horses)

Let's not stop anywhere - for anything. Let's keep going till we're out of this valley.

VIENNA:

Where do we ride?

JOHNNY:

Anywhere.

VIENNA:

What do we do when we get there?

JOHNNY:

I'll find something.

VIENNA:

You'll shine up your guns and hire yourself out. While I wait in some hotel room not knowing if you'll ever come back. We went through that, Johnny. I can't go through it again.

JOHNNY:

If we stay here, Emma will kill you.

66D. CONTINUED:

Vienna stares at Johnny; he adds:

JOHNNY: (continuing)

I've seen her kind of hate before. It only ends with a killin'.

VIENNA: (quietly)

Take me home.

Johnny reins in the horses, slowing them down, then settles back in his seat, a grim look on his face. Vienna sits beside him, her face an inscrutable mask.

DISSOLVE TO:

67. EXT. WASTELANDS: (DAY)

The Kid and his bunch riding fast and hard along the trail. The wastelands, arid desert area, lie on either side of the trail as far as the eye can reach. They are riding from the town toward the mountains looming high and impassable. A clump of cottonwood trees form a green oasis in this barren land. They head towards it.

68. EXT. COTTONWOOD OASIS:

Four fresh horses are tethered in the cottonwoods, nibbling at the tufts of sparse grass.

The Kid and his bunch ride into the cottonwoods. Their horses are frothing and exhausted from being driven at breakneck speed.. Bart and Corey each have a money sack slung from their saddles.

The men dismount and each goes about unsaddling his spent horse and resaddling one of the fresh mounts.

BART: (gazing off at the distant mountains)

It's a rough climb through those mountains.

KID:

It's the only way out.

COREY: (gazing off through the wastelands)

We could make better distance through the desert.

KID:

The closest water hole is four hundred miles. I'm not chancing it.

BART: (resentfully)

Maybe we oughta split the money and separate.

68. CONTINUED:

KID: (snapping)

We're riding together.

BART: (looking at the Kid, he turns  
to Corey for support)

What about it, Corey?

COREY:

We're riding together.

Bart looks at Turkey.

TURKEY:

Let's go.

Mounting their fresh horses, they ride off at a fast clip  
toward the towering mountain peaks.

DISSOLVE TO:

69. INT. BANK VAULT: (DAY)

The huge, empty safe, the door ajar, a lot of loose silver  
coins scattered on its bottom.

PULL BACK to DISCLOSE the rest of the vault in a state of  
ransacked disorder. Files ripped out, papers and mortgage  
deeds lying helter-skelter, more loose silver coins and a  
thin scattering of currency which the bunch had not bothered  
to scoop up.

Emma, dressed in funeral black, stands on the threshold to  
the vault taking in this devastating sight. The Teller and  
guard stand behind her. A bloody bandage covers the guard's  
forehead.

EMMA: (stunned)

They took it all. All of it.

TELLER:

The Kid and his bunch.

EMMA: (turning on teller)

And Vienna.

TELLER:

No, Vienna tried to stop him.

EMMA:

She was one of 'em.

69. CONTINUED:

TELLER:

I tell you she wasn't.

EMMA:

She was here, wasn't she?

TELLER:

Yes, but --

EMMA: (interrupting; turning to Jake, the guard)

Vienna got you to unlock the door, didn't she?

GUARD:

Yeah, but they came later.

EMMA:

How much later? A minute?

The guard has no reply.

EMMA: (continuing)

They planned it together. From the beginning.  
(turning to the guard)

You come with me, Jake.

(to teller)

We're going to bring every cent back.

The teller gets down on his knees and starts to gather the strewn papers. Emma steps closer to where she stands over him.

EMMA:

Vienna was one of them. Understand?

The teller looks up at her, then lowers his eyes and nods his head in acquiescence. Emma strides out of the vault followed by Jake, the guard.

70. EXT. GENERAL STORE:

The general store is situated across the street from the bank. The Marshal and McIvers are passing out six-shooters and Winchesters to some twenty men. Half of the men are McIvers' riders who formed the posse that appeared in the first scene in Vienna's place.

Women and children are crowded around talking excitedly. Everyone is dressed in his Sunday's 'go to meeting' best. Dark colors predominate. The men, having just returned from the cemetery, were unarmed and have no cartridge belts. Boxes of shells are passed out from the general store and the men are breaking them open, loading their six-shooters and rifles and stuffing loose shells into their pockets. It is a grim, determined assemblage. The men are silent. The hub-bub of babble rises from the crowd of women and children.

The two boys whom we had seen previously in the street are the center of an admiring throng of children as they excitedly tell what they saw.

Emma, followed by Jake, emerges from the bank and crosses the street. They push their way through the crowd right up to where the Marshal and McIvers are passing out the arms and ammunition. McIvers' huge frame is decked in a black frock-coat suit, white shirt and black shoestring tie. Emma helps herself to a six-shooter and a shotgun.

MARSHAL:

We won't need you, Emma.

EMMA:

I'm comin' along.

MARSHAL:

You'll only be in the way.

EMMA:

It's my money they got. I'm goin' after it.

McIVERS:

There was a lotta my money taken too, Emma. Marshal's right - you'll only slow us up.

EMMA:

I'm riding with you and I'm ridin' first.

The Marshal looks at McIvers. McIvers nods. Emma shoves her six-shooter in her shirt belt and, ignoring an offer of help from Jake, the guard, she mounts her horse like a man. The rest of the posse mount their horses and, with Emma riding in front of the Marshal and McIvers, they ride out of town in the direction taken by the Kid and his bunch.

DISSOLVE TO:



71. EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN TRAIL: (DAY)  
The Kid and his bunch riding hard whip their horses and race from the floor of the desert valley up the sloping incline of the mountain trail. At this point the mountain trail is wide enough for the four horsemen to ride abreast. HOLD on them until they round a jutting rock formation and go out of view.

72. EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS:  
Here the trail narrows somewhat so the four horsemen ride two abreast. The slope has a greater degree of incline but not enough to impede their fast progress. HOLD on this until they swerve around another rock formation and go out of view.

73. EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NARROW:  
Here the trail has narrowed so the Kid and his bunch have to ride in single file and the incline has become a lot steeper. They have to dig in their spurs to goad their horses to greater effort.

Suddenly an ear-splitting explosion rocks the air reverberating through the pass and tons of rock come crashing and tumbling down over that part of the trail they have just passed over.

The Kid, leading the bunch, pulls up his horse. The others stop. They look around, unnerved by their narrow escape. Nothing can be seen through the dust-laden air. The Kid whips his horse and continues up the trail followed by the others. Again HOLD on them till they pass from view around another curve.

74. EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN TRAIL:  
The Engineer, Andrews, and a score of road workers are leveling out a road bed for a railroad track. They stop in their work and look down as they see four horsemen riding fast toward them.

Andrews goes toward the approaching horsemen and waves his arms for them to halt.

The four horsemen come riding on fast. For a moment it looks as though they intend to ignore Andrews' waving and ride him down. Andrews holds his ground and gestures more frantically. The Kid reins up his horse at Andrews' feet. Bart, Corey and Turkey in the rear, do the same.

ANDREWS:

You'll have to turn back. We're blasting the pass.

KID:

We're in a hurry, mister. We gotta get through.

ANDREWS:

You can't get through. The pass is mined all the way up.

74. CONTINUED:

KID:

Call off the blasting till we pass.

ANDREWS:

I can't. We've been laying dynamite for a week. I can't reach all the men now.

KID:

Step aside, mister.

ANDREWS:

You don't understand ----

The Kid rears his horse up on its hind legs so that Andrews hovers beneath the horse's front hooves. The Kid lunges his mount forward to ride Andrews down. Andrews hurls himself against the wall of the pass to escape the on-rush as the Kid and the bunch ride through.

The railroad workers also scurry for the safety of the mountain walls as the Kid and his bunch ride through.

75. EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF MOUNTAIN PASS:

The Kid and his bunch are riding through the pass when a SECTION HAND high above them shouts a warning down to them and waves his hands wildly. The horsemen ride on, ignoring the warning.

A second blast rocks the air and huge boulders and giant hunks of granite come tumbling and crashing down over the heads of the horsemen.

A third blast follows and this time the rumbling avalanche of decomposed granite comes thundering down directly over the trail completely obscuring the horsemen from view.

When the dust settles we see the Kid, Bart and Corey still mounted but struggling to control their frightened and bewildered horses. The fourth horse has no rider and rears crazily in small circles. Turkey lies sprawled in the dust. The Kid and Corey quickly dismount and rush to Turkey's side. They help him to his feet where he stands dazed and uncertain.

TURKEY:

I'm all right -- just help me on my horse.

The Kid helps Turkey over to where Corey grabs Turkey's frightened horse by the reins and calms it down sufficiently to enable the Kid to help Turkey back up in the saddle.

75. CONTINUED:

Bart indicates the trail ahead which is now completely closed with impassable mounds of rock and rubble:

BART:

We're not gonna get through that.

COREY:

Is there another pass?

KID:

No.

BART:

If we ditch the horses --

KID: (interrupting)

We'll never make it on foot.

COREY:

We'll have to try the desert.

BART: (accusingly at the Kid)

It's too late for that. We'd run smack into the posse.

COREY:

We can't stay here.

KID:

We'll go back to the Lair.

BART:

They'll have us penned in like rats in a cage.

KID:

We'll be safe there. Maybe we can't get out but they can't get in.

BART:

It's walkin' into a trap.

KID:

What's your ideas, Mr. Lonergan?

75. CONTINUED:

BART:

I said we shoulda taken the desert route.

KID:

That was before. I'm askin' now.

Bart grumbles inaudibly to himself. The Kid turns to Turkey.

KID: (continuing)

Can you make it, Turkey?

Turkey nods and manages a weak smile though he is obviously in great pain. The Kid wheels his horse around and gives it the spurs, riding back on the downward trail through which they have just come. Bart follows, then Corey, and Turkey rides last. Turkey sways unsteadily in the saddle, then hunches himself forward low over his horse's neck and holds on tightly as they ride down the pass.

DISSOLVE TO:

76. EXT. VIENNA'S: (DAY)

The buggy has returned from town. Old Tom, assisted by Johnny, is unhitching the horses. Vienna, some distance away, is approaching the bridge which spans the stream in the rear of Vienna's place.

TOM:

Have a nice ride?

JOHNNY: (watching Vienna out of the corner  
of his eye)

Kind of.

TOM:

Anything new in town?

JOHNNY:

A little excitement over at the bank.

TOM:

Someone try to draw some money out?

JOHNNY: (eyeing Tom's gun)

Yeah, there was a big withdrawal.

TOM:

That Emma sure hates to part with a dollar.

76. CONTINUED:

TOM: (continuing)

I remember one time - must've been six - no seven years ago - no I think it was six - anyway --

Old Tom turns and sees he is talking to himself. Johnny is walking toward the bridge.

77. EXT. BRIDGE:

Vienna is standing in the center of the bridge gazing off at the distant mountains as Johnny comes on the bridge and approaches her.

An explosion is heard from the mountains. They both stare off at the source of the blast. A column of smoke rises from the distant mountains. A series of quick blasts follow, each raising its own pillar of smoke.

VIENNA:

They're closing the pass.

JOHNNY:

Thinking of running out?

VIENNA:

Maybe.

JOHNNY:

It was a good idea - an hour ago.  
By now there's a posse on the loose.

VIENNA:

I know every man by his first name.  
I can handle those people.

JOHNNY:

A posse isn't people. I've ridden with 'em,  
and ridden against 'em. A posse is an animal.  
It moves like one and thinks like one.

VIENNA:

They're men - nothing more.

JOHNNY:

They're men with itchy fingers, loose  
ammunition in their pockets and a coil of  
rope on their saddlehorn lookin' for  
somebody to hang.

VIENNA:

They won't touch me.

JOHNNY:

You think you're that much of a woman.  
Look, Vienna, I tell you I know them.  
Let 'em ride a few hours and they don't  
care much who they hang.

VIENNA:

I'm not running and I'm not hiding.

JOHNNY:

I wasn't going to suggest either.

VIENNA:

What's your idea?

JOHNNY:

A posse feels safe 'cause it's big.  
They only make a big target. Ride above  
'em, behind 'em, around 'em. Pick 'em off.  
Two or three, that's enough. The rest of 'em  
will lose their guts. Turn tail, break up  
and go home one by one.

VIENNA:

I didn't hire you to murder people.

JOHNNY:

What do you think they're coming to do to us?  
Make up your mind. To stay is to fight.  
To fight you got to kill. I don't know any  
other way.

VIENNA:

It's coming out in you. Shows all over.  
You like killing. You enjoy it, don't you?

JOHNNY:

No, first time it made me sick. Now it don't  
make me sick, but I don't enjoy it.

VIENNA:

I'm beginning to understand how they work.

77. CONTINUED:

VIENNA: (continuing)

They baited the Kid and he fell for it.  
Now he's a bank robber - he's got to go.  
If I fight back, all I have to do is kill  
one of them and I'm a murderer. Then I'll  
have to go. No, I'm going to play it their  
way.

JOHNNY:

You're just going to sit and wait for 'em  
to put a rope around your neck. That it?

Vienna starts off the bridge towards her place. Johnny  
stops her.

JOHNNY:

How can I make you understand?

VIENNA:

You could never make me understand.  
I can't think the way you do.  
I don't want to.

She turns to go; again he stops her.

JOHNNY:

What about Frank, Sam, Eddie and Tom?  
Think of them.

VIENNA:

I have. And of you too. It was a mistake  
sending for you. I won't need you anymore,  
Mr. Logan.

Vienna walks away from Johnny down the bridge toward her  
place. Johnny stands looking after her till she dis-  
appears from view around the side of the house. He starts  
toward the house. As he reaches the end of the bridge, he  
stops. The pounding hooves of approaching horsemen can be  
heard coming from the far side of the bridge. Johnny  
quickly ducks out of sight below the bridge.

78. EXT. FAR SIDE OF BRIDGE:

The Kid and his bunch emerge from the distant cottonwoods.  
They are riding hard. The Kid leads. Corey and Bart  
follow close behind him, and a short distance behind him,  
and a short distance behind rides Turkey. The horsemen  
ride on over the bridge, the iron-shod hooves thundering  
on the loose rafters beneath which Johnny stands concealed.  
As they cross the bridge, they ride on past Vienna's and  
in the direction of the Lair.

79. EXT. BRIDGE:

Johnny - as he climbs back above the bridge again and watches the bunch ride off until the pounding of horses' hooves recedes in the distance. Then he glances down at the floor of the bridge.

80. INSERT: FLOORBOARD OF BRIDGE  
We see a trail of blood spots.

81. EXT. BRIDGE:

Johnny - as he studies the blood spots, then looks off again in the direction taken by the Kid and his bunch on their way to the Lair.

82. EXT. COTTONWOODS:

Four horsemen riding through the trees. The Kid still leads, then Bart and Corey with Turkey lagging further behind. Turkey now sits so weak in the saddle he has to hang onto the horse's mane to remain aback.

83. EXT. COTTONWOODS - A LOW HANGING TREE BRANCH:

The Kid ducks his head as he rides beneath the low-hanging branch. He is followed by Bart and Corey who do likewise and pass beneath the branch without incident.

Then comes Turkey. His eyes are glazed and he sees the low-hanging branch too late to duck. It strikes him full in the chest, knocking him down from his horse to the ground where he rolls down a gulley and lies motionless.

The three other men, unaware of what has happened to Turkey, ride on.

84. EXT. VIENNA'S:

SHOOTING from Johnny's POINT OF VIEW just inside the doors to the blackjack table where Vienna has counted out three piles of currency to Eddie, Frank and Sam. Vienna is Facing Camera, the three men stand Back to Camera.

VIENNA:

You each got enough money here to stake you for six months wherever you go. If I'm still here by then, I'll expect you back. You'll all have a share like I promised. If I'm not here, just keep wheeling and dealing. The twenty-four hours aren't up. If you run into the posse, they'll let you through. Better get started. This is for Tom. Find him and take him with.

As Vienna crosses to behind the bar to empty the cash register, Eddie, Frank and Sam pick up their money and start for bunkroom.

VIENNA: (continuing)

Mr. Logan ---

As Johnny starts for the bar:



86. INT. VIENNA'S:  
Eddie passing the roulette wheel. He gives it a last spin, glances back at Vienna, smiling.
87. INT. VIENNA'S: CLOSE  
Vienna smiling back at Eddie. Johnny comes into shot. She tosses a small bundle of bills on the bar before him.

VIENNA:

This is for your trouble.

She turns from the bar and crosses to the staircase. As she reaches the foot of the stairs she pauses, glances back, sees he remains standing at the bar, watching her. She calls across the empty room to him.

VIENNA:

It's closing time, Mr. Logan.

Johnny stands watching her as Vienna shrugs and walks up the stairs, across the balcony and exits into her room, shutting the door behind her without a backward glance. Johnny follows her with his eyes till she is gone, then he turns and slowly exits from her place.

88. EXT. VIENNA'S:  
Johnny emerges, crosses to where his horse is hitched, mounts it and slowly rides off.

DISSOLVE TO:

89. EXT. STREAM: (DAY)  
This is the turbulent stream that runs along the base of the mountain behind which is the Lair.

The Kid, Bart and Corey come riding hard into shot and traverse the outer bank of the stream until they come to the spot from which across the stream lies the overhanging foliage concealing the entrance through the waterfall to the Lair.

At this spot the Kid pulls his horse to a halt and waits for Bart and Corey to catch up with him. The three look back for Turkey. He is nowhere to be seen. They listen a moment for the sound of his horse but the only sounds are that of the tumbling water in the fast-moving stream at their feet.

COREY:

He was right behind me when we came over the bridge.

KID:

Then he's somewhere between here and Vienna's. C'mon.

89. CONTINUED:

As the Kid wheels his horse to go look for Turkey, he pulls his horse to a sudden stop as they hear the sound of approaching horsemen. They stare into the cottonwoods as the sound of many horses riding fast are heard passing, concealed by the thick trees and heavy underbrush.

BART:

That's a posse -- a big one.

KID:

Turkey musta passed out. We gotta go back.

BART:

We can't go lookin' now.

KID:

We gotta find him before they do.

COREY:

These woods are gonna be full in a few minutes. We better get inside quick.

BART:

If they cut us off from the Lair, we got no place to hide.

KID:

How does that help Turkey?

COREY:

He took his chances, Kid. It could've been any one of us.

KID: (indicating the entrance to  
the Lair across the stream)

You two go on in. I'll look for him.

BART: (grabbing the bit in the  
mouth of the Kid's horse)

You're comin' with us.

KID:

Take your hand off.

BART:

You said, we ride together - remember?

89. CONTINUED:

COREY:

Bart's right, Kid. We gotta stick together.  
Turkey will have to make it back best as  
he can.

The Kid looks from Bart to Corey. The sound of many horse-  
men is heard, now closer than before. The Kid spurs his  
horse into the stream toward the wall of the mountain where  
the thick, heavy foliage conceals the Lair's entrance from  
view. Bart and Corey ride after him. They pull the rope  
raising the foliage and disappear from view into the open-  
ing to the Lair.

DISSOLVE TO:

90. EXT. COTTONWOOD OASIS: (DAY)  
Of the Posse convening from three directions to the oasis.
91. EXT. COTTONWOOD OASIS:  
Emma and McIvers, mounted, waiting as Marshal rides into  
shot.

MARSHAL:

They couldn't get through the mountains. That  
fancy Engineer said the red head, Turkey, got  
hurt trying.

EMMA:

Let's go to Vienna's.

MARSHAL:

Why should they go there?  
(he spots someone)  
Hey, Pete.

The Marshal rides out of shot.

EMMA: (turning to McIvers)

We're wasting time.

McIVERS:

You can't push these men, Emma. Wait.

EMMA:

We've got to get to Vienna's.

McIVERS:

The men aren't ready yet. They're not worked  
up enough.

91. CONTINUED:

EMMA:

Then start workin' on 'em or let me.

McIVERS:

My boys aren't killers. They gotta get tired, cold and hungry before they get mad.

EMMA:

How long will that take?

McIVERS:

You got five years of mad in you. Give them another five hours.

Marshal and Pete ride into shot.

PETE:

No signs of them trying the desert. They've holed up somewhere.

McIVERS:

Back to what they call their silver mine.

MARSHAL: (addressing the posse)

Anybody ever see the Kid and his bunch go inside the Lair?

1ST POSSE:

I watched 'em leavin' Vienna's. They followed the creek.

2ND POSSE:

That creek is awful long.

3RD POSSE:

Their camp's got to be between Vienna's and Furnace Ridge 'cause there's nothin' beyond the ridge. I know that.

4TH POSSE:

If they got a camp up there, I'll find it. I know that creek good - I panned every inch of it. Let's go.

91. CONTINUED:

EMMA:

Wait! Wait a minute, boys. I got a better idea.

McIVERS: (edging his horse close to hers)

I'll say when and I'm not saying it yet.

Emma is cowed by McIvers' tone. McIvers turns to the 4th posseman.

McIVERS: (continuing)

Go ahead, Lou, you know the creek best, we'll follow you.

The posse rides off.

DISSOLVE TO:

92. EXT. RIVER: (SUNSET)

The posse rides along far bank of the river. They are strung out in a long line. Their eyes scan the smooth, sheer walls of the mountain on the opposite side of the river, searching for some opening to the Lair.

93. EXT. RIVER: CLOSEUP

Of Marshal and Lou, their eyes scanning the mountain wall.

94. EXT. RIVER: CLOSEUP

Of Pete, his eyes searching for the opening.

95. EXT. RIVER: CLOSEUP

Of 1st and 2nd posse, gazing up and down the mountain walls seeking an entrance.

96. EXT. NEAR LAIR: GROUP SHOT

Of posse as they ride past the thick foliage concealing the entrance to the Lair. Here the mountain wall seems as solid and impenetrable as the area they have just traversed. There is nothing to suggest that behind the thick growth of vines and trees there is anything but solid rock. The posse rides on past this section.

97. EXT. RIVER BANK:

Emma and McIvers standing on the river bank, their horses tethered to a nearby tree. McIvers' face is stoic. Emma is restless with suppressed anger.

VOICE OF A POSSEMAN:

Hey! Someone's comin'.

98. EXT. NEAR LAIR: FULL

Of the entire posse facing the cottonwoods from whence the sound of an approaching horse is heard.

98. CONTINUED:

From within the trees there emerges a riderless horse. (Turkey's horse). The horse moves on toward the river bank, passing between the posse who line either side of its path and they stare at it. Coming to the river bank, the horse stops at the spot the Kid and his bunch usually take to ford the river and enter the Lair.

The posse gathers around the horse.

1ST POSSE:

That's one of their horses.

2ND POSSE:

Looks like they never got to where they're goin'.

The horse rears as the Marshal tries to examine her.

MARSHAL:

Hold her steady, Pete.

Pete calms the horse down, the Marshal examines the saddle, touches the blood on it.

MARSHAL:

One of 'em didn't make it.

PETE:

Find him and we find 'em all.

1ST POSSE: (gazing off at the cottonwoods)

Only place between here and town is Vienna's.

(turns to Emma)

Maybe you been right all along, Emma.

EMMA:

You wouldn't listen. None of you. Last time either. There wouldn't have been any bank holdup. The stage wouldn't have been robbed. My Len wouldn't have been killed. I been right about that woman since she came. I said to run her out before she got in. You wouldn't listen. None of you.

(sarcastic)

The Marshal said he had to have legal cause, Mr. McIvers thinks he can do it by talk. The rest of you can't make up your mind. What are you waitin' for? You heard her tell the railroad'll be bringin' in thousands of new people from the east. Farmers. Dirt farmers.

98. CONTINUED:

EMMA: (continuing)

Squatters. They'll push us out. Is that what you're waitin' for? You're actin' like she's some fine lady and doin' nothin' makes you fine gentlemen. Well, she ain't and you're not. So wake up before you and your women and your kids find yourselves squeezed between barbed wire and fencepost. Is that what you're waitin' for? I'm not.

She wheels her horse and rides off toward the cottonwoods in the direction of Turkey's horse has come from. McIvers follows. By twos and threes the rest of the posse follow, including the Marshal.

DISSOLVE TO:

99. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

The place is dark, faintly illuminated by moonlight. SHOOTING from the floor up at the unlit chandelier; it begins to descend on its pulley down into a CLOSE SHOT. A hand holding a lighted taper ignites the kerosene lamps one by one.

PULL BACK to DISCLOSE Vienna, having changed dress, lighting the lamps. She pulls the rope and the chandelier now brightly aglow rises up to the ceiling, bathing the saloon with its glowing radiance.

CAMERA RISES with the chandelier to the ceiling where we are now in a HIGH SHOT, LOOKING DOWN. Vienna is the sole occupant.

The tables are bare, the cards and roulette wheel gone. The bar is cleared out, not a bottle showing.

Suddenly she senses a presence, looks around and discovers Old Tom standing outside the kitchen door.

VIENNA:

Tom, what are you doing here? Why didn't you leave with the others?

TOM:

We got a visitor.

The kitchen door swings open. Turkey staggers in, gun in hand, his shirt front matted with blood. He crosses halfway between Vienna and Tom and collapses.

Vienna crosses to Turkey, kneels, opens his shirt as Tom comes back, hands her a bottle of whiskey and some clean towels. As she tends Turkey's wound, she asks Tom.

99. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

You shouldn't have come back, Tom.

TOM:

I won't be in the way. Nobody notices me.  
I'm like a stick of furniture.

(indicating Turkey)

What're you gonna do with him?

VIENNA:

I can't keep him here.

TOM:

He can't travel.

VIENNA:

I have to turn him over to the posse.

TOM:

They'll hang him. He's just a boy.

VIENNA:

Boys who play with guns have got to be ready  
to hang like men.

TOM:

Lemme take him. I'll hide him out in the  
cottonwoods.

The sound of many approaching horses is heard coming  
toward Vienna's place. Vienna and Tom listen. Turkey  
opens his eyes; he hears it too.

TURKEY:

Help me ---

Vienna looks at Turkey, undecided.

TURKEY:

Don't let 'em get me ---

The sound of the approaching horses is now right outside  
Vienna's. Vienna rises, gazes toward the front door.

100. EXT. VIENNA'S:

The posse has pulled up and are dismounting. Emma, McIvers  
and the Marshal start toward the front steps. As they



100. CONTINUED:

reach the steps, a piano is heard playing from within. They ascend the steps and enter, followed by some of the posse. Half of the posse spread out and go around either side of Vienna's place.

101. INT. VIENNA'S:

SHOOTING from Vienna playing the piano on the dais toward the entrance, as the doors swing open and Emma, McIvers and the Marshal enter. They are followed by Pete and some of the posse. At first, they stare about, bewildered by the silence and emptiness, then they see Vienna on the dais and slowly come forward, stopping at the front of the dais. Vienna has not moved.

Others of the posse go into the kitchen, the bunk-house and up the stairs. Tom is casually mopping the floor where Turkey had lain. Turkey is nowhere to be seen.

MARSHAL:

We came for the Dancin' Kid.

VIENNA:

That's what you said last night.

MARSHAL:

We came for you too, Vienna.

VIENNA:

Why? I had nothing to do with robbing a bank.

Glancing past Emma, her eyes sweeping the posse, she continues:

VIENNA: (continuing)

Every man here knows that. I don't have to hold up banks. All I have to do is sit here till the railroad comes through. And those are my intentions.

MARSHAL:

What was your business in the bank this mornin'?

VIENNA:

McIvers gave me twenty-four hours to close. I drew out my own money. I paid off my boys. I'm closed. You can't buy a drink or play a card.

101. CONTINUED:

VIENNA: (continuing)

I'm sitting here in my own house, minding my own business, playing a little piano. I don't think you can make a crime out of that.

The posseman descending the stairs from Vienna's quarters shakes his head negatively. Other possemen who have been searching enter from the kitchen and the bunkhouse; they all shake their heads negatively.

VIENNA:

Well, are you satisfied they're not here?

EMMA:

No, I'm not satisfied. If they're not here, she knows where they are.

(turning to the Marshal)

Ask her to tell you, Marshal.

MARSHAL:

How would she know?

EMMA:

She spent a lot of time with the Kid. They didn't spend all of it here. He's back in the Lair and she knows how to get there. Now ask her.

As the Marshal turns to Vienna to ask her, Vienna anticipates him.

VIENNA:

I can't help you, Marshal.

MARSHAL:

You mean you won't.

Vienna looks at Emma; Emma smiles, knowing Vienna cannot betray the Kid.

VIENNA:

I can't.

MARSHAL:

Either you side with them or with us.

101. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

I'm not taking sides with anyone.

MARSHAL:

You can't stay on the fence no longer.  
It's not just Emma and McIvers. The men  
are fed up. Show us the way to the  
Dancin' Kid and save yourself a lot of  
grief.

VIENNA:

I gave you my answer.

MARSHAL:

They won't take that.

Vienna looks down from the dais. From Vienna's POINT OF VIEW, we still see Emma and McIvers standing at the foot of the dais. Some of the posse are coming up behind them. Their faces are grim.

102. INT. VIENNA'S:

Pete, standing alongside the hassock. He glances down at the floor and sees a thin stream of blood emerging from beneath the hassock. Pete nudges the posseman next to him, calling his attention to the blood on the floor. Posseman and Pete take hold of the hassock and together lift it off the floor and hurl it over on its side, revealing Turkey crouched on the floor.

103. INT. VIENNA'S CLOSEUP

Of Tom, terrified; he turns to Vienna.

104. INT. VIENNA'S - AT DAIS: CLOSEUP

Vienna. Her face shows the bitter disappointment of having about succeeded.

105. INT. VIENNA'S:

Turkey held up on his feet by Pete, surrounded by Emma, McIvers, the Marshal and the posse.

MARSHAL:

Where's the rest of the bunch?

Turkey gives Marshal a contemptuous grin.

MARSHAL:

You got a rope around your neck, son.  
Better talk.

EMMA:

It was Vienna's idea, wasn't it? Tell us,  
Don't be afraid. We'll protect you.

TURKEY:

I got a rope around my neck. How are you  
gonna protect me?

McIVERS:

Tell us the truth if you want a trial.

MARSHAL:

He's my prisoner. I'll take him.

McIVERS:

First we're gonna get the truth out of him.

EMMA: (to Turkey)

Vienna got Jake to open the bank for you,  
didn't she?

McIVERS:

C'mon, Turkey, tell us and I'll give you my  
word you don't die.

MARSHAL:

Stop makin' promises you can't keep, McIvers.

McIVERS:

Keep out of this, Marshal.

The Marshal is about to protest when Pete and two of  
McIvers' riders close in on him. They don't touch him,  
simply box him in, standing between him and Turkey.

EMMA: (coming close to Turkey, almost  
whispering)

Just tell us Vienna was part of the gang and  
we'll give you a break.

McIVERS:

We might even let you ride out of here.

EMMA:

You're only a boy. We don't want to hurt you.

105. CONTINUED:

McIVERS:

Just name the whole outfit. All of 'em.

106. INT. VIENNA'S - AT DAIS: (NIGHT)  
Vienna, looking down tensely at Turkey.

107. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)  
Turkey, looking up at Vienna.

108. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT) GROUP SHOT

EMMA:

Name her, Turkey, and you'll go free.

McIVERS:

That's all you gotta do.

109. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)  
Marshal is about to protest. Pete claps his hand over the Marshal's mouth, silencing his protest.

110. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)  
Turkey, looking up at Vienna appealingly.

111. INT. VIENNA'S - AT DAIS: (NIGHT)  
Vienna, looking down at Turkey.

TURKEY:

What do I do? I don't wanna die.

VIENNA:

Then save yourself.

TURKEY: (turning to Emma)

What'll you do to her?

EMMA:

The law will take its course.

McIVERS:

You don't have to talk - just nod your head.  
Was Vienna part of the gang?

112. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)  
Turkey, glancing up at Vienna, his terrified gaze appealing to her to save his life.

113. INT. VIENNA'S - AT DAIS: (NIGHT)  
Vienna, gazing down at Turkey. His sympathetic appeal moves her. With a bitter smile, she realizes he can't hold out.

114. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT) GROUP SHOT

EMMA: (to Turkey)

Well, was she?

Turkey nods.

TOM: (shouting)

He's a liar. You scared him into lying ....

One of the posse strikes Tom over the head with the butt of his gun, knocking Tom down.

EMMA:

Okay, men, you heard it from Turkey's own lips. Let's string 'em up. Both of 'em.

PETE: (to McIvers)

What do you say, Mr. McIvers?

EMMA:

String 'em up.

PETE:

Let him say it.

McIVERS: (struggling with himself, he finally says)

I'm for it.

PETE: (indicating Vienna)

Her, too?

McIvers looks at Vienna.

115. INT. VIENNA'S - AT DAIS: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
Vienna, looking down at McIvers unafraid.

116. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)  
Of McIvers.

McIVERS: (softly)

Her, too.

As several of the posse start up the dais to grab Vienna, the Marshal breaks loose from Pete's hold, leaps up on the dais and pulls his gun.

116. CONTINUED:

MARSHAL: (covering the floor with his  
single gun)

I'll shoot the first man steps up here.

Everyone stops.

MARSHAL: (continuing)

I'm takin' Vienna and Turkey to town and  
lockin' 'em up for trial.

117. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

Taking advantage of the distraction, Tom pulls the gun he  
has taken from Turkey and, climbing up on the bar, he  
covers the posse.

TOM:

You can take Turkey, Marshal, but not Vienna.

MARSHAL:

Put that gun down, Tom.

TOM:

Not until you all get out of here.

118. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

Emma; her hand slowly moves toward the gun in her holster.  
She slowly draws it out, takes careful aim and fires.

119. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

Tom, standing on the bar. He is hit, staggers back, then  
fires his gun in the direction of Emma, then topples off  
the bar to the floor, dead.

120. INT. VIENNA'S - AT DAIS: (NIGHT)

The Marshal stands there, a glazed look coming into his  
eyes. A red stain spreads on his white shirt across his  
breast. His gun drops from his listless fingers and he  
slumps to the floor of the dais, then topples down into  
McIvers' arms.

The posse stands frozen by this sudden burst of violence.

Vienna descends from the dais and crosses to the bar where  
Tom lies. Vienna kneels, raising Tom's head in her lap.  
On either side of the frame we see the legs of possemen.

Tom looks up at Vienna; he realizes he is dying. He  
glances past Vienna, his eyes sweeping the room. A smile  
plays on his lips, he looks up at Vienna.

TOM:

Everyone's lookin' at me. First time  
I ever felt important.

He dies.

120A.INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT) FULL

Turkey takes advantage of the distraction and dashes for the kitchen door. He is swarmed upon and knocked to the floor.

120B.INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

Vienna still kneeling, with Tom's head in her arms. As she lays Tom's head down on the floor, two pairs of arms descend into shot, grasp her by the shoulders and pull her out of shot.

120C.INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT) FULL

We lose Vienna and Turkey as they are forced out of the saloon.

120D.INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

Emma takes a shotgun from one of the posse and shoots at the rope from which the burning chandelier gleams. The rope is severed by the shot and the chandelier crashes to the floor, the oil from its lamps bursting into flame and spreading fast across the floor.

The rest of the posse beat a quick exit out of Vienna's. Emma is the last to leave.

121. INT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

Emma, pausing in the doorway to glance back at the flaming inferno. For the first time a smile of contentment relaxes her grim features. Then she too exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

122, EXT. STREAM BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT)

The stream beneath the bridge is a slow-running trickle of several inches of water. The cavalcade of the posse and their prisoners mounted on horses move slowly down the small bank of the stream into the water and the prisoners are led beneath the bridge.

Both Vienna and Turkey are mounted on a horse, their hands tied firmly behind their backs. They are flanked by the mounted posse, Emma and McIvers riding out front.

Vienna's place is a flaming inferno in the background. The fire shoots skywards and its structural timbers are heard crashing.

The only sound is that of the clop-clop of the horses' hooves on the stones lying in the bed of the shallow stream.

The two horses bearing Vienna and Turkey are lined up beneath the bridge.

123. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSE

Turkey. A noose is cast over his head and tightened around his neck; the other end of the rope is affixed to the timber post jutting from the floor of the bridge.



124. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT)  
Pete on horseback standing behind the prisoners. He raises his hand, whacks Turkey's horse over the hind quarters.
125. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
Turkey. As the horse bolts from under him, the rope tightens, the noose jerks and his head drops out of shot. We see only the stiffened rope as it sways rigidly from the weight of Turkey's body beneath.
126. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
Emma. Her face betrays no emotion.
127. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
McIvers. His face is emotionless.
128. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
Vienna. She gazes at her burning building. Her face betrays neither fear nor anxiety.
129. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
Emma. Her gaze wanders over to Vienna.
130. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
Vienna. She returns Emma's stare with a look of silent contempt. Not fear nor pity - simply contempt.
131. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
McIvers. He glances from Vienna to Emma. Some indecision appears to creep into his face.
132. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT)  
The HANGMAN, as he finishes tying the knot around a new noose.
133. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) GROUP SHOT  
Of the posse, as they sit in their saddles silently watching.
134. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT)  
McIvers. His indecision has become more manifest. He turns to glance at Emma.
135. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
Emma. Her features remain as rigid and uncompromising as ever. She turns to the hangman who still is ravelling the noose.

EMMA:

Hurry it up, Fred.

136. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT)  
Hangman.

HANGMAN:

You wanna do it yourself?

Emma makes no reply. The hangman rides slowly over to Vienna.

136. CONTINUED:

HANGMAN:

This ain't my idea, Vienna.

Vienna makes no reply.

EMMA:

Never mind the talk.

The hangman carefully drops the noose over Vienna's head.

137. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) GROUP SHOT  
The posse. They stare almost fearfully at Vienna with the noose around her neck.

138. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT)  
Pete, mounted on his horse right behind Vienna's horse. He makes no move to send the horse on its way.

139. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
McIvers. Sweat stands out on his brow.

140. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP  
Emma.

EMMA: (firm, clear voice)

Get it over with, Pete.

141. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) GROUP SHOT

PETE:

What do you say, Mr. McIvers?

McIVERS: (turning to Emma)

Maybe ---

EMMA: (harshly interrupting him)

Maybe what?

McIVERS: (dropping his gaze)

Nothin'.

EMMA: (to Pete again)

All right.

PETE: (swallowing hard)

I can't. Not a woman.

EMMA: (to McIvers)

It's up to you.

141. CONTINUED:

McIVERS:

No, not me.

Emma turns to face the posse. They all look grimly unhappy about hanging Vienna.

EMMA:

I'll give a hundred dollars.

None of the posse make a move to collect the hundred dollars.

VIENNA:

You'll have to do it yourself, Emma.

Emma looks from Vienna to the posse again, in conflict with herself. She then leads her horses over to behind Vienna's beneath the bridge. Pete moves his horse out of the way.

142. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSE

Emma. She raises her hand and brings it down hard on the rump of Vienna's horse.

143. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) CLOSEUP

Vienna. She closes her eyes as her head with the noose around her neck drops out of shot and her horse is heard to bolt away. HOLD on the rope. Instead of becoming rigid, it keeps sliding down until we see the end of it has been cut.

144. EXT. BRIDGE: (NIGHT)

Of Johnny lying on the bridge, a knife in his hand. We see the jagged edge of the rope tied to post in the bridge which he has just cut.

JOHNNY:

Ride, Vienna, ride.

He quickly leaps to his feet and makes a running jump off the bridge onto his horse and rides off the bridge after Vienna.

145. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT) GROUP SHOT

The posse. They stand stunned at Vienna's escape. The body of the hanged man dangles at the end of its rope. Emma spurs her horse into action and goes after Vienna. The posse joins in the chase.

146. EXT. COTTONWOODS: (NIGHT)

Vienna has worked her hands free, removes the noose from her neck and tosses it away. She has difficulty staying in the saddle and has to duck beneath low, over-hanging branches.

146. EXT. COTTONWOODS - CONTINUED: (NIGHT)

The pounding hoofbeats of another horse are heard close behind pulling up close. She half-turns with frightened eyes and sees it is Johnny. The multiple hoofbeats of the pursuing posse sound close behind them. HOLD on Johnny and Vienna till they ride out of shot.

The posse rides into shot, led by McIvers. He pulls up to a halt, stopping the men.

McIVERS: (waving his arm in an encircling movement)

Spread out.

The posse spreads in a wide arc, the men riding off in different directions in an encircling maneuver.

147. EXT. OPEN FIELD: (NIGHT)

Johnny and Vienna, as they ride out of the shelter of the cottonwoods and race across an open field behind a butte in back of the burning saloon.

147A.EXT. OPEN FIELD: (NIGHT)

The posse emerges from the cottonwoods. Emma is always in the fore riding hard.

148. EXT. PINE WOODS: (NIGHT)

Vienna and Johnny ride into shot and pull up near the jutting flame and billowing smoke of the burning building. Vienna quickly dismounts.

VIENNA:

Follow me.

Johnny, puzzled, does likewise. She sends her horse off at a scamper. So does he.

VIENNA:

C'mon.

She races on foot toward her flaming place. Johnny runs after her.

149. EXT. PINE WOODS: (NIGHT)

The posse, as they pull up to a halt and hear approaching horses. They draw their guns as two riderless horses emerge from the trees into the moonlight.

EMMA:

They're on foot. They can't get far.

PETE:

Why don't we let her go, Mr. McIvers?

149. CONTINUED:

McIVERS:

It's a little late for that. Let's go.

The posse rides off again, spreading out.

150. EXT. BENEATH BRIDGE: (NIGHT)

The Corpse, still suspended from the bridge, is silhouetted in the moonlight. The flaming building casts a reddish glow over the trickling stream.

150A. EXT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

Vienna and Johnny sliding around a butte back of the flaming building.

151. EXT. CELLAR DOOR - VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

The flames and burning timbers have created an inferno of the wooden structure. The entrance to the cellar is a towering pillar of flame. Vienna and Johnny run into shot and make for the cellar entrance. Vienna leaps through the pillar of flame down into the cellar, followed by Johnny.

152. INT. CELLAR - VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

The cellar, cut out of rock, has fires burning where portions of the floor have fallen through.

Vienna leads Johnny through the cellar until they come to a rusted iron door. Vienna tries to open it but it resists. Johnny tugs and it gives through their joint efforts. The opening to a mine shaft is revealed. They enter and pull the iron door shut behind them.

153. EXT. BRIDGE: (NIGHT)

The posse pulls up before the bridge where they stop to reconnoiter.

DISSOLVE TO:

154. INT. MINE SHAFT: (NIGHT)

Vienna and Johnny have retreated some distance down the abandoned mine shaft. The wet walls indicate cooling relief from the blazing inferno above. Occasionally falling timbers above them reverberate through the tunnel.

Vienna retreats to a corner deep in the mine shaft, turns, her face to the wall, her body leaning weakly against it and she begins to sob haltingly, straining in an effort to control it.

Johnny watches her a moment, ill at ease, then turns his back on her and walks away some. He waits until her sobbing ceases, then turns to her again.

154. CONTINUED:

VIENNA: (her back still to him but her voice firm again)

I'm sorry.

JOHNNY:

I've seen men cry for less.

VIENNA:

I tried not to.

JOHNNY:

You're a woman. Why be afraid to act like one?

VIENNA:

Why did you come back for me?

JOHNNY:

First chance I ever had to be a hero.  
How does it feel to be alive?

VIENNA: (with a smile)

Like it won't last.

JOHNNY: (gazing up at the roof)

Do they know about this mine?

VIENNA:

When they don't find us out there,  
they'll remember.

JOHNNY:

There must be some other place we can go.

VIENNA:

There is - but the Kid's there.

JOHNNY: (accusingly)

That's why you brought us here.

VIENNA:

Maybe I did it for your sake. You and the  
Kid under one roof -- how long would you  
both be alive?

154. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY:

Which one are you worried about?

VIENNA:

If you don't know by now, telling  
won't help.

JOHNNY:

I don't know. How do I make sure?

VIENNA:

Why didn't you let me hang.  
Then you'd be sure.

Falling timbers above them reverberate through the mine shaft. They gaze up at the ceiling. It shows indications of cracking; particles of loose stones and dust sprays of loosened dirt start falling.

JOHNNY:

Let's go.

They start for the door. He opens it, stops, looks down at her white dress, starts to tear it. She stares at him as though he's crazy.

JOHNNY:

Taking you out of here in that dress is  
like carrying a lantern.

Vienna looks through the open mine shaft door into the laundry room of the burning cellar where some old wearing apparel is lying. She strides past him into the cellar.

154A.INT. LAUNDRY ROOM IN CELLAR: (NIGHT)

Johnny starts after Vienna; a falling beam separates them. Vienna picks up a pair of old jeans in the laundry room as more beams fall.

154B.EXT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

The structure is burning down as Johnny and Vienna, dressed in shirt and jeans, emerge and make a dash for the cottonwoods.

155. EXT. VIENNA'S: (NIGHT)

There is a loud crash behind Vienna and Johnny as part of the main structure collapses and falls between them and the Camera, cutting them off from view. HOLD on the flames.

155A.EXT. COTTONWOODS: (NIGHT)

Johnny and Vienna running away from the flaming bonfire in the b.g.

155A.CONTINUED:

As they race side by side through the cottonwoods, Johnny suddenly throws himself against Vienna, hurtling both of their bodies down into a depression in the earth.

A moment later we see several members of the posse on horseback, Pete among them, come riding through the underbrush and bypass the ditch within which Vienna and Johnny lie.

155B.EXT. DITCH IN COTTONWOODS: (NIGHT)

Johnny and Vienna lie huddled close, listening to the retreating hoofbeats of the possemen. Vienna is on her back, Johnny on his stomach, their shoulders touching.

VIENNA:

They see us?

JOHNNY:

No.

They listen till the hoofbeats can no longer be heard. Vienna starts to rise; Johnny shoves her back.

JOHNNY:

Better wait - there may be more of them.

They lie side by side in silence for several moments.

JOHNNY:

How far do we have to go from here?

VIENNA:

Not far at all.

JOHNNY:

It's night. Sure you know the way?

VIENNA:

Well enough.

JOHNNY: (jealous again)

I guess you've gone there by dark before.  
Let's go.

VIENNA: (grabbing his wrist, restraining him)

Wait - Johnny -

JOHNNY:

For what?



155B.CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

You've always relied on your guns.

JOHNNY:

I still do. I feel naked without one.

VIENNA:

I want you to promise you won't use a gun when we get to the Kid's place.

JOHNNY:

I can't promise that.

VIENNA:

Then you'll go alone. I'll lie here in this ditch and let the posse find me.

JOHNNY:

Don't talk crazy. C'mon.

VIENNA: (shaking off his arm)

I'm not going till you promise.

JOHNNY:

Promise what? That I'll walk up to the Kid without a gun? All right. I have none. But the first chance I get to fill my holster, I'm doin' it.

VIENNA:

Then we may as well separate now.

JOHNNY:

Look, there's a difference between havin' a gun and usin' it.

VIENNA:

Not with you there isn't.

JOHNNY:

Give me a chance to prove it. Stick with me till I fail.

VIENNA:

You promise not to use a gun?

155B. CONTINUED:

JOHNNY:

Yeah.

VIENNA:

No matter what the Kid says?  
No matter what he does?

JOHNNY:

Yeah. Unless he shoots first.

VIENNA:

If he does, I'll kill him myself.

Johnny looks into her eyes, now thoroughly convinced;  
he rises to his feet, helps her out of the ditch.

DISSOLVE TO:

156. EXT. RIVER BANK: (DAYBREAK)

A posseman sitting up against a tree, half asleep. Across the river a short ways down is the waterfall which conceals the entrance to the Lair.

In the b.g. Vienna and Johnny appear emerging from the cottonwoods. They steal across the open ground toward the river bank, Vienna leading the way. The turbulent waters of the river drown out their footsteps.

As they reach the river bank, Vienna wades in, followed by Johnny until they reach deep water. Then they start swimming toward the waterfall.

As they swim up to the foliage and waterfall concealing the entrance to the Lair, Vienna leads going through it.

157. EXT. RIVER BANK: (DAYBREAK) CLOSE

Posseman; he glances across the river and his eyes come to rest on the foliage.

158. EXT. RIVER BANK: (DAYBREAK)

Shot of foliage. The lower branches of the thick vines quiver. The disturbance is greater than that caused by the sweeping river current. There is no other indication, both Johnny and Vienna have already vanished.

159. EXT. RIVER BANK: (DAYBREAK) CLOSE

Posseman, still staring across the river. His face at this point does not portray whether or not he has seen anything definite.

160. EXT. LAIR ROCK: (DAY BREAK)

Corey is on watch seated on a rock overlooking the narrow crevice in the mountain wall which opens into the river. A Winchester nestles in his lap.

He hears someone approaching and quickly ducks behind the rock, raising his Winchester to his shoulder.

Vienna appears through the crevice, soaked to the skin.

COREY:

Hold it.

VIENNA: (startled that the gang is here)

It's only me and the guitar man.

COREY:

Tell him to keep his hands high.

Johnny appears behind Vienna, also soaked to the skin, his hands held above his head. They exchange looks - Vienna's meaning "I'm sorry." And Johnny's, "Maybe it'll turn out all right."

They come forward to where Corey is behind the rock. As they reach the rock, Corey drops the Winchester, pulls a six-gun and, training it on Johnny, frisks him. Reassured that Johnny is unarmed, Corey relaxes.

VIENNA:

Where's the Kid?

COREY: (indicating the cabin up the ravine)

In the house with Bart.

(to Johnny)

Bart ain't gonna be happy to see you, mister.

Vienna and Johnny start up the ravine towards the house.

161. INT. LAIR CABIN: (DAY)

Bart and the Kid are seated at the rough wooden table having their breakfast consisting of tortillas, beans and black coffee. The Kid is thoughtful, Bart in an ugly mood. The long tension between them is about to come to a climax.

BART:

We can't sit here forever.

KID:

It's better than dying in the desert.

161. CONTINUED:

BART:

We're gonna die here - that's for sure.  
They'll find the way in.

KID:

We'll have a chance to shoot our way out.

BART:

Yeah, some chance.

KID:

If you don't like it here, take your  
cut and get.

BART:

No, I'm staying right with you. When I get  
it, you're gonna get yours too.

The door opens. Vienna and Johnny enter. The Kid and  
Bart leap to their feet. Bart draws his gun on Johnny.

KID: (to Bart)

Drop it.

Bart holsters his gun.

KID: (continuing; to Vienna)

How'd you get in?

VIENNA:

Corey let us by.

BART: (indicating Johnny)

What'd you bring him for?

VIENNA:

There was a lynching last night.  
He saved my life.

BART:

Who they hang?

JOHNNY:

Turkey.

161. CONTINUED:

KID: (visibly moved)

Turkey - they hanged Turkey?

Johnny nods. The Kid gurns on Bart.

KID: (continuing)

We could've gone back for him.

BART:

Sure and we'd all be hanging now.

161A. INT. LAIR CABIN: CLOSEUP

Kid looking at Bart, wishing it had been Bart.

161B. INT. LAIR CABIN: CLOSEUP

Bart.

BART:

You're wishin' it had been me, huh?

161C. INT. LAIR CABIN: GROUP SHOT

KID: (looking at Vienna, her clothes  
dripping wet)

There's some dry clothes in there.

Vienna looks from the Kid's face to Johnny, then back to the Kid, then turns and exits to the Kid's room.

BART: (still eyeing Johnny)

Vienna's a good shot. She'll come in handy when the shootin' starts. But what good is he?

JOHNNY:

I didn't come here lookin' for trouble, Mr. Lonergan.

BART:

Bart's the name. All my friends call me Bart.

JOHNNY:

Yessir, Mr. Lonergan.

For a moment it looks as though Johnny and Bart will clash again.

161C. CONTINUED:

KID:

Cut it out. We got enough trouble on the outside. Ain't it time you relieved Corey?

BART:

Yeah, it's time.

KID:

What are you waitin' for?

Bart strides to the door and exits, slamming it.

KID:

I want to thank you for helpin' Vienna.

JOHNNY:

I didn't do it for you.

KID: (grinning)

I didn't think you did. Mind if I thank you anyway?

JOHNNY: (grinning)

No, I don't mind at all.  
Got some duds I could borrow?

KID: (indicating a back room)

In there.

Johnny exits to the back room. The Kid crosses to his room, the one Vienna has gone into. He stops before the door, is about to knock, reconsiders, opens the door without rapping and enters.

162. INT. LAIR CABIN - KID'S ROOM:  
Vienna has slipped on the outfit we saw Turkey wear in his first scene.

VIENNA:

Doors are made to knock on.

KID:

This happens to be my room.

VIENNA:

I didn't come here because I wanted to.

162. CONTINUED:

KID:

Neither did I but we're both here.

(sarcastic)

Look, Vienna, you told me to go and I tried. You tried not to come here but you had to. It's fate. That's what it is. I guess you and me were just meant to be.

VIENNA:

You and me were never meant to be. That's fate. Get used to it, Kid.

KID:

So it's the Johnny boy?

VIENNA:

What if it is?

KID:

I don't like it.

VIENNA:

Why don't you tell him?

KID:

I will.

JOHNNY'S VOICE:

What are you going to tell me?

The Kid and Vienna turn in surprise as they see Johnny standing in the open doorway. He has changed to dry clothes and is strapping a cartridge belt with a six-shooter around his waist.

KID:

Well look at Mr. Guitar. All dressed up and lookin' mighty dangerous.

JOHNNY:

What did you want to tell me, Kid?

KID: (mockingly)

I'm too scared now that you got a gun.

162. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

Lay off him, Kid.

KID:

I wouldn't hurt him.

VIENNA:

I wasn't thinking of you hurting him.

KID:

You mean he might shoot himself in the leg trying to draw?

VIENNA:

No, but if I were you, I wouldn't fool around with Johnny Logan.

The mention of the name has a sobering effect on the Kid. He looks from Johnny to Vienna in startled surprise.

KID:

You Johnny Logan?

JOHNNY:

That's right.

The Kid, smiling affably, goes up to Johnny and offers his right hand.

KID:

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Logan.

Ignoring the Kid's outstretched right hand but eyeing the Kid's left hand which hangs close to the gun butt of the gun on the Kid's left side, Johnny answers.

JOHNNY:

I never shake hands with a left-handed draw.

KID: (laughing)

You're a smart fellow, Mr. Logan.

JOHNNY:

That's how I keep alive.



162. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

We have to figure some way out of this pocket. Let's try to work together. For once.

KID: (sarcastic)

Anything for a friend.

JOHNNY:

Can you spare a little breakfast?

KID:

Sure, the kitchen is that way, Mr. Logan.

JOHNNY:

You wouldn't shoot a man in the back?

KID: (shocked)

In front of Vienna? She'd never forgive such bad manners.

Johnny exits to kitchen. The Kid looks after Johnny, sizing him up again.

VIENNA:

Better stick to your dancing, Kid, you'll live longer.

163. EXT. LAIR ROCK:

Corey stands on the rock waiting for Bart who climbs down the ravine. Bart's face wears a dark scowl.

COREY: (handing Bart his Winchester)

What are you so happy about?

BART:

Why'd you let the stranger in?

COREY:

I couldn't risk a shot. There's posses all around. Besides, if Vienna brought him along, he must be all right.

BART:

He ain't all right with me.

163. CONTINUED:

COREY:

Who is? Take it up with the Kid.  
I'm still ridin' behind him.

Corey starts up the ravine toward the cabin. Bart takes his position on the rock overlooking the entrance to the Lair.

164. EXT. RIVER BANK - ACROSS FROM THE LAIR'S ENTRANCE:  
The posseman who was dozing when Johnny and Vienna swam across the river is surrounded by the entire posse now.

POSSEMAN: (pointing excitedly across the  
river at the low-hanging foliage)

I seen the two of 'em swimmin' toward them  
trees - then they both dived under and never  
come up again on this side.

Emma spurs her horse into the river. McIvers, Pete and the others follow.

165. EXT. LAIR ROCK:  
Bart perks up his ears at the sounds of horses thrashing in the river on the outside. He climbs down from the rock and makes his way to the narrow crevice where he stands, Winchester poised.

SHOOTING OVER Bart's shoulder through the crevice, the foliage and waterfall on the outside obliterates any view. Then Emma appears just outside the opening. Simultaneously they see each other. Bart cocks his Winchester to shoot her down.

EMMA: (throwing up her hands)

Don't shoot, Bart. I want to talk to you.

BART: (makes up his mind)

C'mon in - alone.

166. EXT. CREVICE: TWO SHOT  
Emma and McIvers side by side on their horses right outside the crevice.

EMMA:

Hold the men. I'm goin' in.

Emma rides into crevice. HOLD on Pete and McIvers watching. McIvers turns to Pete and hands him something.

166A. INSERT:  
The Marshal's badge.

167. OMITTED.

168. INT. KITCHEN AT LAIR:  
Johnny is seated at the table drinking coffee. Vienna is at the stove frying eggs. The Kid stands, his back to the door, watching and talking.

KID:

I was real fond of Turkey. He was a good boy. Hanging. That sure is a mean way to go. You couldn't save him, huh, Mr. Logan?

JOHNNY:

I had to make a choice.

KID:

Yeah. How'd Turkey take it? Hard?

JOHNNY:

Ever know anyone to take a hangin' easy?

KID:

Hmmm.

(shakes his head; to Vienna)  
How'd it feel with the rope around your neck?

VIENNA:

I still feel it.

KID:

What was you thinkin'?

VIENNA:

I don't know.

KID:

You must've been thinkin' somethin'.

JOHNNY:

She don't want to talk about it.

KID:

I'm askin' her. Do you mind?

VIENNA:

Got any bacon?

KID:

On the top shelf.

168. CONTINUED:

VIENNA:

Get it.

KID:

Let him get it. He's eatin' it.

Johnny rises, takes a slab of bacon from the top cupboard and hands it to Vienna, who slices and fries it.

KID: (continuing)

Crawlin' on the bridge and cuttin' the rope -  
That was a real brave thing, Mr. Logan.  
How are you gonna thank him, Vienna?

VIENNA:

I already did.

KID: (looking at Johnny)

But not enough. Did she, Mr. Logan?

JOHNNY:

She thanked me real nice. That answer you?

VIENNA:

Sit down, Johnny.

KID:

Let him stand.

The two men look at each other across the room. The Kid hooks his left thumb in his belt. Johnny mistakes the Kid's gesture and whips out his gun, controlling himself with great effort from firing it. Vienna is momentarily terror-stricken. But Johnny, this time, has control. He lowers the gun to his side and looks at Vienna. She smiles tenderly at him.

KID:

Look at him, Vienna. Can't wait to shoot me.  
I said one wrong word and his finger's itchin'  
on the trigger. Nice fella. You finally got  
someone to do your killin' for you. You  
oughta be real happy.

He turns and exits from the room. Johnny stands there, gun still in hand.

VIENNA: (kindly)

Sit down, Johnny.

168. CONTINUED:

Johnny stands, gun still in hand.

VIENNA:

Sit down, Johnny. You've kept your promise.

He relaxes, replaces his gun in its holster, walks out on the open porch where he stands looking out. Vienna comes up behind him.

VIENNA:

We've both done a lot of living.  
The problem is how we're going to do  
a little more.

Johnny glances up at the sun.

169. EXT. SKY:

The noon-day sun shining directly overhead.

170. EXT. RIVER BANK: CLOSEUP

Emma, gazing up at the sun overhead.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

171. EXT. RIVER BANK - ACROSS FROM THE LAIR'S ENTRANCE:

Emma stands alongside McIvers on the edge of the river bank across from the entrance to the Lair. Both of them are looking up at the sun. Other members of the posse are squatted beneath the trees along the river taking refuge in the shade from the heat of the noon-day sun.

172. EXT. LAIR ROCK:

Bart slides down his perch on the rock as the Kid descends the ravine to relieve him. As they meet at the rock, Bart hands the Kid the Winchester.

KID:

See anything?

BART:

No.

He starts up the ravine.

KID: (Stopping him)

Bart --

Bart stops, turns back.

KID:

Keep away from the guitar man.

172. CONTINUED:

BART:

Why?

KID:

His name is Johnny Logan.

173. EXT. LAIR ROCK: CLOSEUP  
Bart. He reacts to this information.

174. EXT. LAIR ROCK: TWO SHOT

KID: (grinning)

Just thought I'd tell you.

BART:

You told me.

He turns and continues up the ravine toward the cabin.  
The Kid takes up his vigil on the rock guarding over  
the crevice.

174A. INT. KID'S ROOM:  
Johnny looking out window sees Bart coming toward the  
cabin. PULL BACK TO:

DISSOLVE:

174B. INT. KID'S ROOM:  
Johnny and Vienna. Johnny turns and watches Vienna break  
the shells out of a cartridge box and load a six-shooter  
for herself. She already wears a holster belt. A door  
is heard to close from the alcove. Johnny turns his  
head toward alcove.

175. INT. BUNKROOM - CABIN - LAIR:  
The cabin is deserted except for Corey lying asleep in  
one of the bunks. He is fully clothed except in his  
stockinged feet. The door opens and Bart silently  
enters. As Bart starts across the room towards Corey,  
Corey suddenly awakens and sits up.

COREY:

What's up?

BART:

Plenty. The posse has found the way in.

Corey is about to leap out of his bunk when Bart shoves  
him back and sits on the edge of the bunk.

BART:

Relax - they're still outside.

COREY:

We gotta keep 'em there. We can't let 'em in.

BART: (interrupting)

Will you just listen. I had a talk with Emma. She don't want us. She wants Vienna and the --

COREY:

What about the bank ---? The money we took?

BART:

You won't listen. Now listen. She'll settle for half of what we got. And we get out of here into open country.

COREY:

You tell the Kid?

BART:

No, I didn't tell the Kid.

COREY:

Why not? Why not?

BART:

If you'll listen, I'll tell you why not. The Kid is still stuck on Vienna. He'll never turn her over. He'll put up a fight and get us all killed. I got a better idea ...

COREY: (anticipating - he interrupts)

I don't like it.

BART: (incredulous)

You don't like it? What don't you like? You crazy? I'm offerin' you a split and a chance to get out with a whole skin.

COREY:

I'm stickin' with the Kid? You're gonna too.

BART:

You don't make sense, Corey.

175. CONTINUED:

COREY:

I don't like the sense you make, Bart.  
I'm telling him now.

Corey rises, picks up his boots, then stoops to put them on. As he bends over, Bart whips out a Bowie knife and rams it up to the hilt into Corey's back. Corey drops to the floor, the knife handle protruding from between his shoulders. His hand reaches for his gun, but as he gets it only half out of its holster, a shudder runs through his frame and he collapses and dies. Bart stands looking down at Corey's body a moment. He quickly exits from cabin.

175A. INT. BUNKROOM - CABIN - LAIR:  
A moment later we hear Johnny's voice.

JOHNNY'S VOICE:

Corey --

No reply. The door opens, Johnny enters, sees Corey's body. He takes in the situation, turns and quickly exits from room.

176.) OMITTED.  
177.)

178. EXT. PORCH CABIN LAIR:  
Johnny comes running around the side of cabin along the porch, stops, gazes down and sees Bart emerging from beneath the cabin carrying the two money bags. Bart stops, slips his gun from his holster and takes careful aim at the Kid who stands on guard over the crevice, his back to the cabin.

JOHNNY'S VOICE:

Kid!

And Johnny jumps from the porch onto Bart as Bart fires at the Kid.

179. OMITTED.

180. EXT. LAIR ROCK: SIDE ANGLE  
The Kid whirls around, is winged by Bart's shot and drops to his knees.

181. EXT. RAVINE - LAIR:  
Bart and Johnny are struggling on their knees, each man grabbing the gun wrist of the other. They rise simultaneously still locked, each man still grasping the gun wrist of the other.

182. EXT. RIVER BANK:  
Emma and McIvers, in response to the gunshot, whip their horses across the river toward the Lair. The rest of the posse follow in their wake.



183. EXT. CABIN AT LAIR:  
Vienna emerges from the cabin on the top level and looks down. She wears a cartridge belt with a single six-shooter.
184. EXT. RAVINE - LAIR:  
SHOOTING from Vienna's POINT OF VIEW. We see Bart and Johnny still on their feet, struggling; they topple over and start falling down the ravine.
185. EXT. RAVINE:  
Bart and Johnny locked in each other's arms tumbling down the ravine. Half way down they separate and, while continuing to roll:
186. EXT. RAVINE:  
Bart firing at Johnny.
187. EXT. RAVINE:  
Johnny still spinning; he takes aim in an upside down position and fires four times in rapid succession.
188. EXT. RAVINE:  
Bart as his body jerks with the impact of Johnny's shots.
189. EXT. RAVINE:  
SHOOTING from Vienna's POINT OF VIEW. We see both bodies reach an impasse. Then the survivor rises, quickly and on the alert. It is Johnny, his gun trained on Bart's still body.
190. EXT. PORCH CABIN - LAIR: CLOSEUP  
Vienna, relieved.
191. EXT. CREVICE - LAIR:  
Emma and McIvers enter the Lair on foot, followed by the rest of the posse. McIvers raises his Winchester and starts firing at Johnny.
- 192.)  
thru) OMITTED  
197.)
198. EXT. RAVINE:  
Johnny, the Winchester firing continues, tracing a pattern of dirt spurts closer and closer to him. Johnny races for cover when shots ring out from behind him and over his head toward the posse covering his run. As Johnny reaches the safety of a boulder, he glances back and sees it is the Kid behind an adjacent boulder who has covered him. They exchange grins.
199. EXT. PORCH CABIN - LAIR:  
SHOOTING from Vienna's POINT OF VIEW over her shoulder. Down below we see Johnny behind one boulder and the Kid behind another and the posse having taken cover behind other rocks near the crevice. Between them lies a stretch of exposed ground offering no vantage of concealment. A brisk exchange of gunfire takes place from both sides but no one is hit. The only damage is flying chips of stone.

199. CONTINUED:

There is a lull in the shooting as both sides realize the other is impregnable and a dash across the open ground between is suicide.

200. EXT. PORCH CABIN - LAIR: CLOSE

Vienna, as she takes this in. Suddenly a single shot rings out close to Vienna, smashing a window right over her shoulder. Vienna ducks for cover behind the side of the house. Then, pulling her gun, she cautiously peers out.

201. EXT. RAVINE:

SHOOTING from Vienna's POINT OF VIEW. We see Emma having taken advantage of the exchange between the two sides, she manages to slip past them and has come up the ravine along the right gorge and is climbing up to the porch of the cabin.

202. EXT. BOULDER:

Johnny gazing up toward the cabin.

202A. EXT. RAVINE:

The Kid, gazing up toward cabin.

203. EXT. ROCK:

McIvers and Pete behind their rock as they gaze up the ravine.

(NOTE: The following are shots of members of the posse as they gaze up the ravine.)

During this, Johnny, McIvers and the posse hold their fire as they watch the drama about to be enacted between Vienna and Emma.

204. EXT. RAVINE: CLOSE

Emma behind a rock just below the porch level.

EMMA: (calling out)

I'm comin' up, Vienna.

205. EXT. PORCH CABIN: CLOSE

Vienna steps out from behind the cover of the porch into the open.

VIENNA:

I'm waitin'.

Emma continues up to the porch toward Vienna, her gun hanging from her hand at her side.

206. EXT. BOULDER:

Johnny. He peers over the boulder to the rock where McIvers and Pete are sheltered.

207. EXT. ROCK:  
SHOOTING from Johnny's POINT OF VIEW toward the rock behind which McIvers and Pete are concealed. We see the muzzle of a Winchester protrude from the rock, aimed up the ravine at Vienna.
208. EXT. BOULDER:  
Johnny. He raises his gun to cover the Winchester, waiting for the man behind the Winchester to expose himself.
209. EXT. ROCK:  
SHOOTING from Johnny's POINT OF VIEW, we see the man aiming the Winchester start to expose himself.
210. EXT. ROCK:  
The man with the Winchester is McIvers, ready to fire. Suddenly Pete exposes himself, grabs McIvers' rifle by the muzzle and shoves it down, preventing him from firing.
- PETE:  
Let 'em alone. Me and the boys here had enough. It's their fight. It's been their fight all along.
- Other members of the posse overhear, turn to McIvers. McIvers looks from Pete to the other members of the posse and lowers his gun.
211. EXT. BOULDER:  
Johnny. He reacts to Pete's move and lowers his gun, aware of the change in attitude on the part of the posse. Then he turns and gazes up the ravine toward Vienna.
212. OMITTED.
213. EXT. PORCH CABIN: CLOSE  
Vienna stands in the open facing the oncoming Emma. Vienna's gun hangs from her hand which is also at her side.
214. EXT. PORCH CABIN:  
SHOOTING from Vienna to Emma. Vienna's arm still hangs at her side, the gun in her hand pointed at the ground.
- In the background we see Emma coming around the porch, the gun in her hand which hangs at her side; she stops.
- For a long moment the two women gaze into each other's eyes.
215. EXT. PORCH CABIN: CLOSEUP  
Emma. All the hate which she has nursed for Vienna speaks malevolently from her eyes.
216. EXT. PORCH - CABIN: CLOSEUP  
Vienna. Her face is an expressionless mask as she gazes coldly down at Emma waiting for her to make the first move.

217.) Shots of Johnny, McIvers, Pete and members of the posse  
thru) watching this.  
224.)

225. EXT. PORCH - CABIN: CLOSE  
Emma.

226. EXT. PORCH - CABIN: CLOSE  
Vienna.

227. EXT. PORCH - CABIN: WIDE ANGLE TWO SHOT  
Vienna and Emma. Both women gaze steadily at each other,  
their gun hands still hanging limply at their sides.

Suddenly Emma whips her gun up and fires. A split second  
later Vienna fires her gun.

228. EXT. PORCH - CABIN: CLOSE  
Emma. A surprised look on her face, the gun slips from  
her listless figure, her knees sag, her eyes glaze as she  
drops and rolls over the railing off the porch down into  
the water in the gorge below.

229. EXT. PORCH - CABIN: CLOSE  
Vienna. The smoking gun is still in her hand. A scarlet  
stain spreads across the shoulder of her shirt but she  
remains upright. Slowly she starts off the porch down  
the ravine towards Emma.

230. EXT. RAVINE: FULL  
One by one the posse led by Pete, then McIvers, emerge  
from their places and cross over to where Emma's body lies.

230A.)  
230B.) OMITTED

231. EXT. BOULDER:  
Johnny emerges from behind his boulder and stops where  
he can command the situation and cover Vienna.

232. EXT. NEAR ROCK:  
The posse looking at Pete, Vienna, Johnny and gathering  
around Emma.

233. EXT. BOULDER:  
The Dancing Kid watching this from behind his boulder;  
he emerges, crosses over to Johnny.

234. EXT. RAVINE:  
Vienna standing near Emma facing the posse. She deliberately  
throws her gun away and looks at Johnny.

235. EXT. RAVINE:  
Johnny looking back at Vienna. He unbuckles his holster  
belt and lets his gun fall to the ground.

236. EXT. RAVINE - NEAR ROCK:  
Members of the posse reacting.

237. EXT. RAVINE - NEAR ROCK: GROUP SHOT

McIVERS: (to his men)

Let's take Emma home.

One of the posse picks up Emma's body in his arms and starts carrying her out.

238. EXT. RAVINE:  
Jenks picks up the money bags on his way out.

239. EXT. RAVINE:  
Johnny and the Kid still standing close together and Vienna some distance away as they watch the procession start out of the Lair. Pete is coming towards the Kid.

240. EXT. RAVINE: TWO SHOT  
Johnny and the Kid. Pete is in b.g. coming towards the Kid. The Kid glances at Vienna, at Johnny, then goes to meet Pete who stops, waits for him. They go off, side by side, the Kid in Pete's custody.

241. EXT. RAVINE:

McIVERS:

You'll be needing a place to stay while you're rebuilding -- anything I can do -- well -- you know what I mean.

VIENNA:

I know and I understand.

McIvers goes off leaving Vienna and Johnny.

JOHNNY: (glancing down at her wounded shoulder)

You better stay put with that shoulder. I'll get some horses.

VIENNA:

I'll walk with you.

She places his hand on her arm and they walk together toward the stable where some horses are tethered.

242. EXT. RAVINE: TWO SHOT  
Johnny and Vienna as they start walking towards each other.

FADE OUT.

T H E     E N D